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THE VVOVNDS of Ciuill VVar

THOMAS FOUGE

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THE VVOVNDS of Ciuill VVar.

Liuely ſet forth in the true Tragedies of *Marius and Scilla.*

As it hath beene publiquely plaide in London, by the Right Honourable the Lord high Admirall his Seruants.

VVritten by *Thomas Lodge* Gent.

O Vita! miſere longa, fœlici breuis.

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LONDON,
Printed by Iohn Danter, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the Sunne in Paules Church-yarde.
1594.

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The moſt Lamentable and true Tragedies of Marius *and Scilla.*

Enter on the Capitoll Sulpitius Tribune: Caius Marius: Q. Pompey Conſull: Iunius Brutus: Lucretius: Caius Granius: Lictorius: Lucius Merula *Iupiters* Prieſt: and Cynna: *whom placed, and their* Lictors *before them with their Rods and Axes,* Sulpitius *beginneth.*

SVLPITIVS TRIBVNE.

GRaue Senators and Fathers of this State,
Our ſtrange protractions & vnkind delays
wher waighty wars doth cal vs out to fight
Our factious wits to pleaſe aſpiring Lords,
You ſee hath added powre vnto our foes,
And hazarded rich *Phrigia* and *Bithinia*,
With all our *Aſian* Holds and Cities too:
Thus *Scilla* ſeeking to be Generall,
(VVho is inueſted in our Conſuls Pall)
Hath forced murders in a quiet State:
The cauſe whereof euen *Pompey* may complaine,
VVho ſeeking to aduance a climing friend,
Hath loſt by death a ſweete and curteous ſonne.
VVho now in *Aſia* but *Mithridates*,
Laughs at theſe fond diſcentions I complaine?
VVhile we in wrangling for a Generall,

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Forſake our friends, foreſtall our forward warre,
And leaue our Legions full of dalliance,
VVaighting our idle wills at Capua.
Fie Romaines, ſhall the glories of your names,
The wondrous beauty of this Capitoll,
Periſh through Scillas inſolence and pride,
As if that Rome were robd of true renowne,
And deſtitute of warlike Champions now?
Loe here the man, the rumor of whoſe fame,
Hath made Hiberia tremble and ſubmit;
See Marius that in managing eſtate,
Through many cares and troubles he hath paſt,
And ſpent his youth, vpon whoſe reuerend head
The milke-white pledge of wiſedome ſweetly ſpreds:
He ſixe times Conſul, fit for peace or warre,
Sits drooping here content to brooke diſgrace,
VVho glad to fight through follies of his foes
Sighs for your ſhame whilſt you abide ſecure:
And I that ſee and ſhould recure theſe wrongs,
Through Pompeys late vacation and delay,
Haue left to publiſh him for Generall,
That merites better Titles farre than theſe:
But (Nobles) now the finall day is come,
VVhen I your Tribune ſtudying for renowne,
Pronounce and publiſh Marius Generall,
To leade our Legions againſt Mithridates,
And craue (graue Fathers) ſignes of your content.

Q. Pomp: Beleeue me Noble Romains, & graue Se-
This ſtrange election, and this new made Law, (nators,
VVill witnes our vnſtable gouernement,
And diſpoſſeſſe Rome of her Emperie;
For although Marius be renownd in Armes,
Famous for proweſſe, and graue in warlike drifts,
Yet may the ſunne-ſhine of his former deeds
Nothing eclipſe our Scillas dignity:
By lot and by election he was made,

Chiefe

Chiefe Generall againſt Mithridates,
And ſhall we then abridge him of that Rule;
Twere iniurie to Scilla and to Rome:
Nor would the height of his all daring minde,
Brooke to the death ſo vile and fowle diſgrace.

Iu. Brutus: VVhy Pompey, as if the Senate had not
To appoint, diſpoſe, & change their Generals: (powre
Rome ſhall belike be bound to Scillas Rule,
VVhoſe haughty pride and ſwelling thoughts puft vp,
Foreſhowes the reaching to prowd *Tarquins* ſtate:
Is not his lingring to our Romaine loſſe
At Capua where he braues it out with feaſts,
Made knowne thinke you vnto the Senate here?
Yes Pompey, yes: and hereof are we ſure
If Romaines State on Scillas pride ſhould lie,
Romes Conqueſts would to Pontus Regions flie:
Therefore graue and renowned Senators,
(Pillers that beare and hold our Rule aloft,
You ſtately, true, and rich Piramides)
Deſcend into the depth of your eſtates,
Then ſhall you finde that Scilla is more fit,
To Rule in Rome domeſticall affaires,
Then haue the Conqueſt of Bithinia,
Which if once got, heele but by death forgoe,
Therefore I ſay Marius our Generall.

Lucretius: Lo thus we ſtriue abroad to win renowne,
And naught regard at home our waning ſtates;
Brutus I ſay the many braue exploits,
The warlike Acts that Scilla hath atchieude,
Showes him a ſouldier and a Romaine too,
Whoſe care is more for Country than himſelfe:
Scilla nill brooke that in ſo many warres,
So hard aduentures and ſo ſtrange extreames,
Hath borne the palme and prize of victory,
Thus with diſhonor to giue vp his charge:
Scilla hath friends and ſouldiers at commaund,

That firſt will make the towres of Rome to ſhake,
And force the ſtately Capitoll to daunce,
Yer any robbe him of his iuſt renowne:
Then we that through the *Caſpian* ſhores haue runne,
And ſpread with ſhips the Orientall Sea,
At home ſhall make a murder of our friends,
And maſſaker our deareſt Countrimen.

Licto: The powre of *Scilla* nought will vaile gainſt (Rome,
And let me die *Lucretius* ere I ſee,
Our Senate dread for any priuate man,
Therefore Renownd *Sulpitius* ſend for *Scilla* backe,
Let *Marius* leade our men in *Aſia.*

L. Merula: The Law, the Senate wholy doth affirme,
Let *Marius* lead our men in *Aſia.*

Cynna: *Cynna* affirmes the Senates Cenſure iuſt,
And ſaith let Marius leade the Legions forth.

C. Granius: Honor and victory follow *Marius* ſteps,
For him doth *Granius* wiſh to fight for Rome.

Sulpitius: why then you ſage and auncient Syres of (Rome,
Sulpitius here againe doth publiſh forth,
That *Marius* by the Senate here is made,
Chiefe Generall to lead the Legions out,
Againſt *Mithridates* and his Competitors,
Now victory for honor of Rome follow *Marius.*

Here let Marius *rowſe himſelfe.*

Marius: Sage and imperiall Senators of Rome,
Not without good aduiſement haue you ſeene,
Old Marius ſilent during your diſcourſe:
Yet not for that he feard to pleade his cauſe,
Or raiſe his honor troden downe by age,
But that his words ſhould not allure his friends,
To ſtand on ſtricter tearmes for his behoofe:
Sixe times the Senate by election hath,
Made Marius Conſul ouer warlike Rome,
And in that ſpace nor Rome nor all the world,
Could euer ſay that Marius was vntrue,

Theſe

Theſe ſiluer haires that hang vpon my face,
Are witneſſes of my vnfained zeale,
The *Cymbrians* that yer-while inuaded France,
And held the Romaine Empire in diſdaine,
Lay all confounded vnder M*arius* ſword,
Fierce *Scipio* the myrrour once of Rome,
whoſe loſſe as yet my inward ſoule bewailes,
Being askt who ſhould ſucceede and beare his Rule,
Euen this (quod he) ſhall *Scipios* armour beare,
And therewithall clapt me vpon the backe:
If then graue Lords, my former paſſed youth,
was ſpent in bringing Honors into Rome,
Let then my age and latter date of yeares,
Be ſealed vp for honor vnto Rome.

Here enter Scilla *with Captaines and Souldiers.*

Sul: Scilla, what means theſe Armsand warlike troops
Theſe glorious Enſignes and theſe fierce Allarms,
Tis prowdly done to braue the *C*apitoll.

Scilla: Theſe Armes Sulpitius are not borne for hate,
But maintenance of my confirmed ſtate:
I come to Rome with no ſeditious thoughts,
Except I finde too froward iniuries.

Sul: But wiſedome would you did forbeare,
To yeeld theſe ſlight ſuſpitions of contempt,
where as this Senate ſtudieth high affaires.

Scil: what ſerious matters haue theſe Lords in hand?

Sul: The Senators with full decree appoint,
Old Marius for their Captaine Generall,
To leade thy Legions into *Aſia*,
And fight againſt the fierce Mithridates.

Scilla: To Marius? Iolly ſtuffe: why then I ſee,
Your Lordſhips meane to make a babe of me.

Iu. Brutus: Tis true Scilla the Senate hath agreed,
That Marius ſhall thoſe bands and Legions beare,
which you now hold againſt Mithridates.

Scil: Marius ſhal lead them then, if Scilla ſaid not no,
And

And I ſhall be a Conſuls ſhadow then,
Truſtles Senators and ingratefull Romaines,
For all the Honors I haue done to Rome,
For all the ſpoiles I brought within her walles,
Thereby for to enrich and raiſe her pride,
Repay you me with this ingratitude:
You know vnkinde, that Scillas wounded Helme,
VVas nere hung vp or once diſtaind with ruſt:
The Marcians that before me fell amaine,
And like to winter haile on euery ſide,
Vnto the City Nuba I purſude,
And for your ſakes were thirty thouſand ſlaine:
The Hippinians and the samnits scilla brought,
As Tributaries vnto famous Rome:
I, where did scilla euer draw his ſword,
Or lift his warlike hand aboue his head
For Romaines cauſe but he was Conqueror:
And now (vnthankeful) ſeeke you to diſgrade,
And teare the plumes that scillas ſword hath wonne.
Marius I tell thee scilla is the man,
Diſdaines to ſtoope or vaile his pride to thee;
Marius I ſay thou maiſt nor ſhalt not haue,
The charge that vnto scilla doth belong,
Vnleſſe thy ſword could teare it from my hart,
VVhich in a thouſand folds impalls the ſame.

Marius: And scilla hereof be thou full aſſurde,
The honor whereto mine vndaunted minde,
And this graue senate hath enhaunſed me,
Thou nor thy followers ſhall derogate,
The ſpence of yeares that Marius hath ore-paſt,
In forraine broyles and ciuil mutenies,
Hath taught him this, that one vnbrideled foe,
My former fortunes neuer ſhall oregoe.

scilla: Marius, I ſmile at theſe thy fooliſh words,
And credit me ſhould laugh outright I feare,
If that I knew not how thy froward age,

Doth

Doth make thy ſence as feeble as thy ioynts.
Marius: Scilla, Scilla, Marius yeeres hath taught
Him how to plucke ſo proud a yonkers plumes,
And know theſe haires that dangle downe my face,
In brightnes like the ſiluer Rodope:
Shall add ſo haughtie courage to my minde,
And reſt ſuch percing obiects gainſt thine eies,
That maſkt in follie, age ſhall force thee ſtoope. (ſo,
Scil: And by my hand I ſweare ere thou ſhalt maſe mee
My ſoule ſhall periſh but Ile haue thy bearde,
Say graue Senators ſhall Scilla be your Generall.
Sulpitius: No the Senate, I and Rome her ſelfe agrees
Ther's none but Marius ſhall be Generall.
Therefore Scilla theſe daring tearmes vnfit,
Beſeeme not thee before the Capitoll.
Scilla: Beſeeme not me? Senators aduiſe you,
Scilla hath vowd whoſe vowes the heauens recorde,
VVhoſe othes hath pierſt and ſearcht the deepeſt vaſt,
I and whoſe proteſtations raigne on earth:
This Capitoll wherein your glories ſhine,
VVas nere ſo preſt and throngde with ſcarlet gownes,
As Rome ſhall be with heapes of ſlaughtred ſoules
Before that Scilla yeeld his titles vp.
Ile mate hir ſtreets that peere into the clouds,
Burniſht with gold and Iuorie pillors faire,
Shining with Iaſper, Iet, and Ebonie,
All like the pallace of the morning ſunne,
To ſwim within a ſea of purple blood
Before I looſe the name of Generall.
Mar: Theſe threats againſt thy country and theſe Lords,
Scilla proceeds from forth a Traitors hart,
VVhoſe head I truſt to ſee aduanced vp
On higheſt top of all this Capitoll:
As earſt was manie of thy progenie,
Before thou vaunt thy victories in Rome.
Scilla: Graybeard, if ſo thy hart and tongue agree,

Draw forth thy Legions and thy men at armes,
Reare vp thy ſtanderd and thy ſteeled Creſt,
And meete with Scilla in the fields of Mars,
And trie whoſe fortune makes him Generall.

Marius: I take thy word: Marius will meet thee there,
And proue thee Scilla a Traitor vnto Rome,
And all that march vnder thy traiterous wings,
Therefore they that loue the Senate and Marius
Now follow him.

Scilla: And all that loue Scilla come downe to him,
For the reſt let them follow Marius
And the Diuel himſelfe be their Captaine.

Here let the Senate riſe and caſt away their Gownes, hauing their ſwords by their ſides: Exit Marius and with him Sulpitius: Iu: Brutus: Lectorius.

Q. Pompey: Scilla, I come to thee.

Lucretius: Scilla, Lucretius will die with thee.

Scilla: Thankes my Noble Lords of Rome.

Here let them goe downe and Scilla offers to goe forth and Anthony calls him backe

Anthony: Stay Scilla, heare Anthony breath forth,
The pleading plaints of ſad declining Rome.

Scilla: Anthony, thou knowſt thy hony words doo pierce,
And moue the minde of Scilla to remorſe:
Yet neither words nor pleadings now muſt ſerue,
When as mine honor calls me forth to fight,
Therefore ſweete Anthony be ſhort for Scillas haſt.

Anthony: For Scillas haſt, O whither wilt thou flie?
Tell me my Scilla what doſt thou take in hand?
VVhat warres are theſe thou ſtirreſt vp in Rome?
VVhat fire is this is kindled by thy wrath?
A fire that muſt be quencht by Romaines blood,
A warre that will confound our Emperie,
And laſt an Act of fowle impietie.
Brute beaſts nill breake the mutuall law of loue,
And birds affection will not violate,

The

The ſenceles trees haue concord mongſt themſelues,
And ſtones agree in linkes of amitie,
If they my Scilla brooke not to haue iarre,
What then are men that gainſt themſelues doo warre?
Thoult ſay my Scilla honor ſtirres thee vp:
Iſt honor to infringe the lawes of Rome?
Thoult ſay perhaps the titles thou haſt wonne,
It were diſhonor for thee to forgoe:
O, is there any height aboue the higheſt,
Or any better than the beſt of all?
Art thou not Conſul? Art thou not Lord of Rome?
VVhat greater Tytles ſhould our Scilla haue?
But thou wilt hence, thou wilt fight with Marius
The man, the Senate, I and Rome hath choſe.
Thinke this before, thou neuer liftſt aloft,
And letteſt fall thy warlike hand adowne,
But thou doſt raze and wound thy Citie Rome:
And looke how many ſlaughtred ſoules lie ſlaine,
Vnder thy Enſignes, and thy conquering Launce,
so many murders makeſt thou of thy ſelfe.

Scilla: Inough my Anthony, for thy honied tongue
VVaſht in a ſirrop of ſweete Conſeruatiues,
Drioeth confuſed thoughts through scillas minde,
Therfore ſuffize thee, I may nor will not heare,
so farewell Anthony, honor calls me hence,
scilla will fight for glorie and for Rome.

Exit Scilla and his followers.

Merula: See Noble Anthony the truſtles ſtate of rule,
The ſtayles hold of matchles ſoueraignetie,
Now fortune beareth Rome into the Clowds,
To throw her downe into the loweſt hells,
For they that ſpread her glory through the world,
Are they that teare her prowd triumphant plumes:
The hart-burning pride of prowd *Tarquinius*,
Rooted from Rome the ſway of kingly mace,
And now this diſcord newly ſet abroach,

Shall raſe our Conſuls and our Senates downe.

Anthony: Vnhappy Rome and Romaines thriſe accurſt,
That oft with triumphs fild your Citie walls,
VVith kings and conquering Rulers of the world,
Now to eclipſe in top of all thy pride,
Through ciuill diſcords and domeſticke broiles:
O Romaines weepe the teares of ſad lament,
And rent your ſacred Robes at this exchange,
For Fortune makes our Rome a banding ball,
Toſt from her hand to take the greateſt fall.

Gra: O whence proceeds theſe fowle ambitious thoughts,
That fires mens harts and makes them thirſt for Rule:
Hath foueraignty ſo much bewitcht the minds
Of Romaines: that their former buſied cares
VVhich erſt did tire in ſeeking Cities good,
Muſt now be changd to ruine of her walls?
Muſt they that reard her ſtately Temples vp,
Deface the ſacred places of their Gods?
Then may we waile and wring our wretched hands,
Sith both our Gods, our temples and our walls,
Ambition makes fell fortunes ſpightfull thralls. *Ex: all.*

A great Alarum: let young Marius chaſe Pompey ouer the ſtage, and old Marius chaſe Lucretius: Then let enter three or fowre ſouldiers and his Auncient with his cullors, and Scilla after them with his hat in his hand, they offer to flie away.

Scilla: Why whither flie you Romaines,
VVhat miſchiefe makes this flight?
Stay good my friends, ſtay deareſt Countrimen.

1. ſouldier: Stay let vs heare what our Lord Scilla ſaith.

Scilla: What wil you leaue your chieftains Romains then?
And looſe your Honors in the gates of Rome?
VVhat ſhall our Country ſee, and Scilla rue,
Theſe Coward thoughts ſo fixt and firmd in you?
VVhat are you come from Capua to proclaime,
Your hartles treaſons in this happy towne?
VVhat will you ſtand and gaze with ſhameles looks,
VVhilſt

Marius and Scilla.

VVhilſt Marius butchering knife aſſailes our throats?
Are you the men, the hopes, the ſtaies of ſtate?
Are you the ſouldiers preſt for Aſia?
Are you the wondered Legions of the world,
And will you flie theſe ſhadows of reſiſt?
VVell Romaines I will periſh through your pride,
That thought by you to haue returnd in pompe.
And at the leaſt your Generall ſhall proue,
Euen in his death your treaſons and his loue.
Lo this the wreath that ſhall my body binde,
VVhilſt Scilla ſleepes with honor in the field:
And I alone within theſe cullors ſhut,
VVill bluſh your daſtard follies in my death.
So farewell hartles ſouldiers and vntrue,
That leaue your Scilla who hath loued you. *Exit.*

1. ſouldier: VVhy fellow ſouldiers ſhall we flie the field,
And careleſly forſake our Generall?
VVhat ſhall our vowes conclude with no auaile?
Firſt die ſweete friends, and ſhed your purple blood,
Before you loſe the man that wills you good.
Then to it braue Italians out of hand:
Scilla we come with fierce and deadly blowes,
To venge thy wrongs and vanquiſh all thy foes.

Exeunt to the Alarum.

Actus ſecundus. Scena prima.

Appian ſolus.

Enter Scilla *triumphant*, Lucretius, *Pompey, with ſouldiers.*

Scilla: You Romaine ſouldiers, fellow mates in Armes,
The blindfold Miſtris of incertaine chaunce,
Hath turnd theſe traiterous climers from the top,
And ſeated Scilla in the chiefeſt place.

The place beſeeming Scilla and his minde.
For were the throne where matchles glorie ſits,
Empald with furies threatning blood and death,
Begirt with famine and thoſe fatall feares
That dwell below amidſt the dreadfull vaſt:
Tut Scillaes ſparkling eyes ſhould dim with cleere
The burning brands of their conſuming light,
And maſter fancie with a forward minde,
And maske repining feare with awfull power.
For men of baſer mettall and conceipt
Cannot conceiue the beautie of my thought.
I crowned with a wreath of warlike ſtate,
Imagine thoughts more greater than a crowne,
And yet befitting well a Romane minde.
Then gentle miniſters of all my hopes,
That with your ſwords made way vnto my wiſh,
Hearken the frutes of your couragious fight,
In ſpite of all theſe Romane Baſilisks,
That ſeeke to quell vs with their curriſh lookes,
We will to Pontus weele haue gold my harts,
Thoſe orientall pearles ſhall decke our browes:
And you my gentle frends, you Romane peeres,
Kinde Pompey worthie of a Conſulls name.
You ſhall abide the father of the ſtate,
Whilſt theſe braue lads Lucretius and I,
In ſpight of all theſe brauling Senators,
Will, ſhall, and dare attempt on Aſia,
And driue Mithridates from out his doores.

Pomp. I Scilla, theſe are words of mickle worth,
Fit for the maſter of ſo great a minde:
Now Rome muſt ſtoop, for Marius and his frends
Haue left their armes, and truſt vnto their heeles.

Scilla But Pompey, if our Spaniſh Iennets feete
Haue learnt to poaſt it of their mother winde,
I hope to trip vpon the gray beards heeles,
Till I haue cropt his ſhoulders from his head.

As

As for his ſonne, the proud aſpiring boy,
His beardleſſe face and wanton ſmiling browes,
Shall (if I catch him) decke yond Capitoll:
The father, ſonne, the frends, and ſouldiers all,
That fawne on Marius, ſhall with furie fall.

Lucr: And what euent ſhall all theſe troubles bring?

Scilla. This: Scilla in fortune will exceed a king.
But frends and ſouldiers, with diſperſed bands
Goe ſeeke out Marius fond confederates:
some poaſt along thoſe vnfrequented paths,
That trackt by nookes vnto the neighbring ſea:
Murther me Marius, and maintaine my life.
And that his fauorites in Rome may learne
The difference betwixt my fawne and frowne,
Go cut them ſhort, & ſhed their hatefull blood, *Ex. Soul.*
To quench theſe furies of my froward mood.

Lucr. Loe scilla where our senators approach,
Perhaps to gratulate thy good ſucceſſe.

Enter Anthonie, Granius, Lepidus.

Scilla I that perhaps was fitly placed there:
But my Lucretius, theſe are cunning Lords,
VVhoſe tongues are tipt with honnie to deceiue:
As for their hearts, if outward eyes may ſee them,
The diuell ſcarce with miſchiefe might agree them.

Lep. Good fortune to our Conſull, worthy scilla.

Scilla And why not Generall againſt the king of Pontus?

Gran: And generall againſt the king of Pontus.

Scilla. sirrha, your words are good, your thoughts are ill,
Each milke white haire amidſt this mincing beard,
Compard with milions of thy trecherous thoughts,
VVould change their hiew through vigor of thy hate.
But did not pitie make my furie thrall,
This ſword ſhould finiſh hate, thy life and all.
I prethee Granius, how doth Marius?

Gran: As he that bydes a thrall to thee and fate,
Liuing in hope as I and others doo,

To

To catch good fortune, and to croſſe thee too.
Scilla: Both blunt and bold but too much Mother wit,
To play with fier where furie ſtreames about,
Curtall your tale fond man cut of the reſt:
But here I will diſſemble for the beſt.
Granius: Scilla my yeares hath taught me to diſcerne,
Betwixt ambitious pride and Princely zeale.
And from thy youth theſe Peeres of Rome haue markt,
A raſh reuenging hammer in thy braine,
Thy tongue adornde with flowing eloquence,
And yet I ſee imprinted in thy browes,
A fortunate but froward gouernaunce.
And though thy riuall Marius mated late,
By backward working of his wretched fate
Is falne, yet Scilla marke what I haue ſeene
Euen here in Rome the Fencer Spectacus,
Hath bin as fortunate as thou thy ſelfe:
But when that Craſſus ſword aſſayed his creſt,
The feare of death did make him droope for woe.
Scilla: You ſaw in Rome this brawling fencer die,
VVhen Spectacus by Craſſus was ſubdewd:
VVhy ſo, but ſir I hope you will applie,
And ſay like Spectacus that I ſhall die?
Thus peeuiſh eld diſcourſing by a fire,
Amidſt their cups will prate how men aſpire:
Is this the greeting Romanes that you giue,
Vnto the Patron of your Monarchie?
Lucretius ſhall I play a prettie ieſt.
Lucre: VVhat Scilla will, what Romane dare withſtand?
Scilla: A briefe and pleaſing anſwere by my head,
VVhy tell me Granius doſt thou talke in ſport?
Granius: No Scilla my diſcourſe is reſolute,
Not coynd to pleaſe thy fond and curſed thoughts:
For were my tongue betraide with pleaſing words,
To feed the humors of thy haughty mind:
I rather wiſh the rot ſhould roote it out.

Scilla:

Scilla: The braueſt brawler that I euer heard,
But ſouldiers ſince I ſee he is oppreſt
VVith crooked choller, and our Artiſts teach,
That fretting blood will preſſe through opened veines,
Let him that hath the keeneſt ſword arreſt,
The gray-beard and cut off his head in ieſt.
Souldiers lay hands on Granius.

Granius: Is this the guerdon then of good aduiſe?

Scilla: No but the meanes to make fond men more wiſe.
Tut I haue wit, and carry warlike tooles,
To charme the ſcolding prate of wanton fooles.
Tell me of Fencers and a tale of Fate?
No, scilla thinkes of nothing but a ſtate.

Granius: VVhy scilla I am armd the worſt to trie.

Scilla: I pray thee then Lucretius let him die.

Excunt with Granius.

Beſhrow me Lords but in this iolly vaine,
Twere pitty but the prating foole were ſlaine:
I feare me Pluto will be wroth with me,
For to detaine ſo graue a man as he.

Anthony: But ſeeke not scilla in this quiet ſtate,
To worke reuenge vpon an aged man,
A ſenator, a ſoueraigne of this towne.

scilla: The more the Cedar climes the ſooner downe,
And did I thinke the prowdeſt man in Rome,
VVould winch at that which I haue wrought or done,
I would and can controwle his inſolence.
VVhy ſenators, is this the true reward,
VVherewith you anſwere Princes for their paine,
As when this ſword hath made our Citie free,
A brauing mate ſhould thus diſtemper mee?
But Lepidus and fellow ſenators,
I am reſolude and will not brooke your taunts,
VVho wrongeth scilla, let him looke for ſtripes.

Marke Anthony: I but the milder paſſions ſhow the man:
For as the leafe doth beautifie the tree,

The pleaſant flowres dedecke the painted ſpring,
Euen ſo in men of greateſt reach and powre,
A milde and piteous thought augments renowne:
Old Anthony did neuer ſee my Lord,
A ſwelling ſhowre that did continue long,
A climing towre that did not taſt the wind,
A wrathfull man not waſted with repent.
I ſpeake of loue my Scilla, and of ioy
To ſee how fortune lends a pleaſant gale,
Vnto the ſpreading ſailes of thy deſires:
And louing thee muſt counſaile thee withall,
For as by cutting fruitfull vines increaſe,
So faithfull counſailes workes a Princes peace.
Scilla: Thou hony talking father ſpeake thy minde.
Anthony: My Scilla ſcarce thoſe teares are dried vp,
That Romaine Matrons wept to ſee this warre:
Along the holy ſtreets the hideous grones,
Of murthered men infect the weeping aire:
Thy foes are fled not ouertaken yet,
And doubtfull is the hazard of this warre:
Yea doubtfull is the hazard of this warre,
For now our Legions draw their waſtfull ſwords,
To murther whom? Euen Romaine Citizens.
To conquer whom? Euen Romaine Citizens.
Then if that Scilla loue theſe Citizens,
If care of Rome, if threat of forraine foes,
If fruitfull counſailes of thy forward friends
May take effect, goe fortunate and driue,
The king of Pontus out of Aſia,
Leaſt while we dreame on ciuill mutenies,
Our wary foes aſſaile our Citie walls.
Pompey: My long concealed thoughts Marke Anthony,
Muſt ſeeke diſcouerie through thy pliant words:
Beleeue me Scilla ciuill mutenies,
Muſt not obſcure thy glories and our names:
Then ſith that factious Marius is ſuppreſt,

Goe

Marius and Scilla.

Goe ſpread thy colours midſt the Aſian fields,
Meane while my ſelfe will watch this Cities weale.
Scilla: Pompey I know thy loue, I marke thy words,
And Anthony thou haſt a pleaſing vaine,
But ſenators I hammer in my head,
VVith euery thought of honor ſome reuenge:
Enter Lucretius with the head.
Speake what ſhall Scilla be your Generall?
Lepidus: We doo decree that Scilla ſhall be Generall.
Scilla: And wiſh you Scillas weale and honour too?
Anthony: We wiſh both Scillas weale and honor too.
Scilla: Then take away the ſcandall of this ſtate,
Baniſh the name of Tribune out of towne,
Proclaime falſe Marius and his other friends.
Foe men and traitors to the ſtate of Rome,
And I will wend and worke ſo much by force,
As I will maſter falſe Mithridates,
Lepidus: The name of Tribune hath continued long.
Scilla: So ſhall not Lepidus if he withſtand me.
Sirra you ſee the head of Granius,
VVatch you his hap vnleſſe you change your words,
Pompey now pleaſe me Pompey now graunt my ſute.
Pompey: Lictors proclaime this our vndaunted doome,
we will that Marius and his wretched ſonnes,
His friends Sulpitius, Claudius and the reſt
Beheld for traytors, and acquit the men
That ſhall endanger there vnluckie liues,
And henceforth Tribunes name and ſtate ſhall ceaſe,
Graue Senators how like you this decree?
Lepidus: Euen as our Conſulls wiſh, ſo let it be.
Scilla: Then Lepidus all friends in faith for me,
So leaue I Rome to Pompey and my friends,
Reſolud to manage thoſe our Aſian warres,
Frolike braue Souldiers wee muſt foote it now,
Lucretius you ſhall bide the brunt with me,
Pompey farewell, and farewell Lepidus.

Marke Anthony I leaue thee to thy books,
study for Rome and scillas Royaltie.
But by my ſword I wrong this graybeards head,
Goe ſirra place it on the Capitoll:
A iuſt promotion fit for scillaes foe.
Lordings farewell, come ſouldiers let vs goe. *Exit.*

Pompey: scilla farewell and happy be thy chaunce,
VVhoſe warre both Rome and Romaines muſt aduaunce.
Exeunt senators.

Enter the Magistrates of Minturnum with Marius very melancholie, Lucius Fauorinus, Pauſanius with ſome attendants.

Pauſanius: My Lord the courſe of your vnſtaied fate,
Made weake through that your late vnhappie fight,
VVithdrawes our wills that faine would worke your weale:
For long experience and the change of times,
The innocent ſuppreſſions of the iuſt
In leaning to forſaken mens reliefe,
Doth make vs feare leſt our vnhappie towne,
should periſh through the angrie Romaines ſword.

Marius: Lords of Minturnum when I ſhapd my courſe,
To flie the danger of purſuing death,
I left my friends, and all alone attaind
(In hope of ſuccors) to this little towne,
Relying on your curteſies and truth.
VVhat fooliſh feare doth then amaze you thus?

Fauorinus: O Marius, thou thy ſelf, thy ſonne, thy friends,
Are baniſhed and exiles out of Rome,
Proclaimd for traitors, reft of your eſtates,
Adiudgde to death with certaine warrantize.
should then ſo ſmall a towne my Lord as this,
Hazard their fortunes to ſupplie your wants?

Marius: VVhy Citizens, and what is Marius?
I tell you not ſo baſe as to diſpaire,
Yea able to withſtand ingratitudes.

Tell

Tell me of fooliſh lawes decreede at Rome,
To pleaſe the angrie humors of my foe:
Beleeue me Lords I know and am aſſurde,
That magnanimitie can neuer feare,
And fortitude ſo conquer ſilly fate,
As ſcilla when he hopes to haue my head,
May hap ere long on ſodaine loſe his owne.

Pauſanius: A hope beſeeming Marius, but I feare,
Too ſtrange to haue a ſhort and good euent.

Marius: VVhy ſir Pauſanius haue not you beheld,
Campania plaines fulfild with greater foes,
Than is that wanton milke-ſop natures ſcorne.
Baſe minded men to liue in perfect hope,
VVhoſe thoughts are ſhut within your cottage eues,
Refuſe not Marius that muſt fauour you:
For theſe are parts of vnaduiſed men,
VVith preſent feare to loſe a perfect friend,
That can, will, may controwle, commaund, ſubdue,
That brauing boy that thus bewitcheth you.

Fauorinus: How gladly would we ſuccour you my Lord,
But that we feare.

Marius: VVhat? the Moone-ſhine in the water.
Thou wretched ſtepdame of my fickle ſtate,
Are theſe the guerdons of the greateſt minds,
To make them hope and yet betray their hap,
To make them clime to ouerthrow them ſtraight?
Accurſt thy wreake, thy wrath, thy bale, thy wheele,
That makſt me ſigh the ſorrowes that I feele.
Vntroden paths my feete ſhall rather trace,
Than wreſt my ſuccours from inconſtant hands.
Rebounding Rocks ſhall rather ring my ruth,
Than theſe Campanian piles where terrors bide.
And nature that hath lift my throne ſo hie,
Shall witnes Marius triumphs if he die.
But ſhee that gaue the Lictors rod and axe,
To wait my ſixe times Conſulſhip in Rome,

will not purſue where erſt ſhe flattered ſo,
Minturnum then farewell for I muſt goe,
But thinke for to repent you of your no.

Pauſa: Nay ſtay my Lord and daine in priuate here,
To waight a meſſage of more better worth,
Your age and trauels muſt haue ſome releefe,
And be not wroth, for greater men than we
Haue feared Rome and Romaine tirranie.

Marius: You talke it now like men confirmde in faith,
well let me trie the fruits of your diſcourſe,
For care my minde and paine my bodie wrongs.

Pauſanius: Then Fauorinus ſhut his Lordſhip vp,
within ſome ſecret chamber in the ſtate,
Meane while we will conſult to keepe him ſafe,
And worke ſome ſecret meanes for his ſupplie.

Marius: Be truſtie Lords, if not I can but die. *Exit Ma.*

Pauſanius: Poore haples Romaine, little wotteſt thou,
The wearie end of thine oppreſſed life.

Lucius: Why my Pauſanius, what imports theſe words?

Pauſanius: Oh Lucius age hath printed in my thoughts,
A memorie of many troubles paſt,
The greateſt townes and Lords of Aſia,
Haue ſtood on tickle tearmes through ſimple truth,
The Rhodian records well can witnes this.
Then to preuent our meanes of ouerthrow,
Finde out ſome ſtranger that may ſodainely,
Enter the chamber where as Marius lies,
And cut him ſhort, the preſent of whoſe head
Shall make the Romaines praiſe vs for our truth,
And Scilla preſt to graunt vs priuiledge.

Lucius: A barbarous act to wrong the men that truſt.

Pauſanius: In Countries cauſe in iuſtice proueth iuſt.
Come Lucius let not fillie thought of right,
Subiect our Citie to the Romaines might:
For why you know in Marius onely end,
Rome will reward and scilla will be frend,

Lucius.

Lucius: Yet all ſucceſſions will vs diſcommend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Marius the younger: Cethegus: *Lectorius with other Romaine Lords and ſouldiers.*

Young Marius: The wayward Ladie of this wicked world.
That leads in luckles triumph wretched men,
My Romaine friends hath forced our deſires,
And framde our minds to brooke too baſe reliefe.
VVhat land or Libian deſert is vnſought,
To finde my father Marius and your friend:
Yea they whom true relent could neuer touch,
Theſe fierce Numidians hearing our miſhaps,
VVeepe flouds of mone to waile our wretched fates.
Thus we that erſt with terrors did attaint,
The Bactrian bounds and in our Romaine warres,
Enforſt the barbarous borderers of the Alpes,
To tremble with the terrors of our looks.
Now flie poore men affrighted with our harmes,
Seeking amidſt the deſert rocks and dens,
For him that whilom in our Capitoll,
Euen with a becke commaunded Aſia.
Thou wofull ſonne of ſuch a famous man,
Vnſheath thy ſword, conduct theſe warlike men
To Rome, vnhappie Miſtris of our harmes:
And there ſince tyrants powre hath thee oppreſt,
And robd thee of thy father, friends and all,
So die vndaunted, killing of thy foes,
That were the offspring of theſe wretched woes.

Lectorius: VVhy how now Marius, will you mate vs thus,
That with content aduenture for your loue?
VVhy Noble youth reſolue yourſelfe on this,
That ſonne and father both haue friends in Rome
That ſeeke olde Marius reſt and your reliefe.

Marius: Lectorius, friends are geaſon now adaies,
And grow to fume before they taſt the fire:
Aduerſities bereauing mans auailes,
They flie like feathers dallying in the winde,

They

They riſe like bubbles in a ſtormie raine,
Swelling in words and flying faith and deedes.
Cethegus: How fortunate art thou my louely Lord,
That in thy youth maiſt reape the fruits of age,
And hauing loſt occaſions hold-faſt now,
Maiſt learne hereafter how to entertaine her well:
But ſodaine hopes doo ſwarme about my hart,
Be merry Romaines ſee where from the Coaſt,
A wearie meſſenger doth poaſt him faſt.
Enter Cinnas ſlaue with a letter incloſed poſting in haſt.
Lectorius: It ſhould be Cinnas ſlaue or els I erre,
For in his forhead I behold the ſcar,
Wherewith he marketh ſtill his barbarous ſwaines.
Marius: Oh ſtay him good Lectorius for me ſeeme,
His great poſt haſt ſome pleaſure ſhould preſent.
Lectorius: Sirra art thou of Rome?
Slaue: Perhaps Sir no?
Lectorius: VVithout perhaps ſay Sirra is it ſo?
Slaue: This is Lectorius Marius friend I trow,
Yet were I beſt to learne the certainetie,
Leſt ſome diſſembling foes ſhould me diſcry.
Marius: Sirra leaue off this fooliſh dalliance,
Leſt with my ſword I wake you from your trance.
ſlaue: Oh happie man, Oh labours well atchieude,
How hath this chance my wearie lims reuiude:
Oh Noble Marius, Oh Princelie Marius.
Marius: what meanes this Peſant by his great reioice.
ſlaue: Oh worthy Romaine, many months haue paſt,
Since Cinna now the Conſul and my Lord,
Hath ſent me forth to ſeeke thy friends and thee:
All Libia with out Romaine Preſidents,
Numidia full of vnfrequented waies,
Theſe wearie limbs haue troad to ſeeke you out,
And now occaſion pitying of my paines,
I late arriude vpon this wiſhed ſhore,
Found out a Sailer borne in Capua,

That

That told me how your Lordſhip paſt this way.
Marius: A happie labor worthie ſome reward.
How fares thy maſter? whats the newes at Rome?
Slaue. Pull out the pike from off this iauelin top,
And there are tidings for theſe Lords and thee.
Marius: A pollicie beſeeming *Cynna* well:
Lectorius read, and breake theſe letters vp.

Letters.
To his honourable frend Marius the yonger greeting.

BEing Conſull (for the welfare both of father and ſonne, with other thy accomplices) I haue vnder an honeſt policie ſince my inſtalment in the Conſulſhip, cauſed all Scillas frauds that were indifferent with the other neighbring Cities to reuolt: Octauius my fellow Conſull with the reſt of the Senate miſtrusting me, and hearing how I ſought to vnite the old Citizens with the new, hath wrought much trouble, but to no effect. I hope the ſouldiers of Capua ſhall follow our faction, for Scilla hearing of theſe hurly-burlies is haſting homeward verie fortunate in his warres againſt Mithridates. *And it is to be feared, that ſome of his frends here haue certified him of my proceedings, and purpoſe to reſtore you. Cethegus and Lectorius I heare ſay are with you. Cenſorinus and Albinouanus will ſhortly viſit you. Therefore haſt and ſeeke out your father, who is now as I heare about Minturnum. Leuie what power you can with all expedition, and ſtay not.* Rome the 5. Kalends of December.

Your vnfained frend,
Cinna Conſull.

Marius: Yea Fortune, ſhall yong Marius clime aloft,
Then woe to my repining foes in Rome,
And if I liue (ſweete Queene of change) thy ſhrines,
Shall ſhine with beautie midſt the Capitoll,

Lectorius, tell me what were beſt be done.

Lector: To ſea my Lord, ſeeke your warlike Sire,
Send backe this peſant with your full pretence,
And thinke alreadie that our paines haue end,
Since Cynna with his followers is your frend.

Marius: Yea Romanes we will furrow through the ſome
Of ſwelling flouds, and to the ſacred Twins
Make ſacrifice to ſhield our ſhips from ſtormes.
Follow me Lords, come gentle meſſenger,
Thou ſhalt haue gold and glorie for thy paines. *Exeunt.*

Finis ſecundi Acti.

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Enter Cynna, Octauius, Anthonius, Lictors, Citizens.

Cyn: VPbraiding Senators bewitcht with wit,
That terme true iuſtice innouation:
You miniſters of Scillas mad conceipts,
Will Conſulls thinke you ſtoope to your controules?
Theſe yonger Citizens, my fellow Lords,
Bound to maintaine both Marius and his ſonne,

Craue

Craue but their due, and will be held as good
For priuiledge, as thoſe of elder age:
For they are men conformd to feats of armes,
That haue both wit and courage to commaund.
Theſe fauorites of Octauius, what with age
And palſies ſhake their iauelins in their hands,
Like hartleſſe men attainted all with feare:
And ſhould they then ouer-top the youth.
No, nor this Conſull, nor Marke Anthonie,
Shall make my followers faint, or looſe their right,
But I will haue them equall with the beſt.

M. An: Whythen the Senates name (whoſe reuerent rule
Hath blazd our vertues midſt the Weſterne Ile)
Muſt be obſcurde by Cynnas forced powre.
O Citizens, are lawes of Countrey left?
Is iuſtice baniſht from this Capitoll?
Muſt we poore fathers ſee your trooping bands
Enter the ſacred Synode of this ſtate.
Oh brutiſh fond preſumptions of this age,
Rome would the miſchiefes might obſcure my life,
So I might counſaile Conſulls to be wiſe.
VVhy Countri-men wherein conſiſts this ſtrife?
Forſooth the yonger Citizens will rule,
The old mens heads are dull and addle now:
And in elections youth will beare the ſway?
O Cynna, ſee I not the wofull fruits
Of theſe ambitious ſtratagems begun,
Each flattring tongue that dallieth prettie words,
Shall change our fortunes and our ſtates at once.
Had I ten thouſand tongues to talke the care,
So manie eyes to weepe their wofull miſſe,
So manie pennes to write theſe manie wrongs:
My tongue your thoughts, my eyes your teares ſhuld moue,
My pen your paines by reaſons ſhould approue.

Cynna: VVhy Anthonie, ſeale vp thoſe ſugred lips,
For I will bring my purpoſe to effect.

Anth: Doth *Cynna* like to interrupt me then?
Cynna: I *Cynna* ſir, will interrupt you now,
I tell thee M*arke*, old M*arius* is at hand,
The verie patron of this happie law,
VVho will reuenge thy cunning eloquence.
M*a. An:* I talke not I to pleaſe or him or thee,
But what I ſpeake, I thinke and practiſe too:
Twere better Scilla learnt to mend in Rome,
Than Marius come to tyrannize in Rome.
Octa: Nay Marius ſhall not tyrannize in Rome.
Old Citizens, as Scilla late ordaind,
King Tullius lawes ſhall take their full effect,
The beſt and aged men ſhall in their choice,
Both beare the day and firme election.
Cynna: Oh braue Octauius you will beard me then,
The elder Conſull and old Marius frend,
And theſe Italian freemen muſt be wrongd.
Firſt ſhall the frute of all thine honors faile,
And this my ponyard ſhall diſpatch thy life.
L*epid.* Such inſolence was neuer ſeene in Rome:
Nought wanteth here but name to make a King.
Octa: Strike villaine if thou liſt, for I am preſt,
To make as deepe a furrow in thy breſt.
Yong Cit: The yong mens voices ſhal preuaile my lords.
Old Cit: And we will firme our honors by our blouds.

Thunder.

Anth: O falſe ambitious pride in yong and old:
Harke how the heauens our follies hath contrould.
Old Cit: What ſhall we yeeld for this religious feare?
Anth: If not religious feare, what may repreſſe
Theſe wicked paſſions, wretched Citizens.
O Rome, poore Rome, vnmeet for theſe miſdeedes,
I ſee contempt of heauens will breed a croſſe:
Sweete Cynna gouerne rage with reuerence.

Thunder.

O fellow Citizens, be more aduiſde.

L*epid.*

Lepid. VVe charge you Conſulls now diſſolue the Court
The Gods contemne this brawle and ciuill iarres.
Oct: We will ſubmit our honors to their wills:
You ancient Citizens come follow mee.
Exit Octauius, with him Anthonie & Lepidus.
Cynna: High Ioue himſelfe hath done too much for thee,
Els ſhould this blade abate thy royaltie.
VVell yong Italian Citizens take hart,
He is at hand that will maintaine your right:
That entring in theſe fatall gates of Rome,
Shall make them tremble that diſturbe you now.
You of Preneſte and of Formiæ,
VVith other neighbring Cities in Campania,
Prepare to entertaine and ſuccor Marius.
Citizen: For him we liue, for him we meane to die. *Exe.*

Enter old Marius *with his keeper, & two ſouldiers.*

Marius: Haue theſe Minturnians then ſo cruelly,
Preſumd ſo great iniuſtice gainſt their frends?
Iailer: I *Marius*, all our Nobles haue decreed
To ſend thy head a preſent vnto Rome.
Marius: A Tantals preſent it will proue my frend,
VVhich with a little ſmarting ſtreſſe will end
Old Marius life, when Rome it ſelfe at laſt,
Shall rue my loſſe, and then reuenge my death.
But tell me Iailer, couldſt thou be content,
In being Marius for to brooke this wrong.
Iailer: The high eſtate your Lordſhip once did wield,
The manie frends that fawnd when fortune ſmild,
Your great promotions, and your mightie welth:
Theſe (were I Marius) would amate me ſo,
As loſſe of them would vexe me more than death.
Marius: Is Lordſhip then ſo great a bliſſe my frend?
Iailer: No title may compare with princely rule.
Marius: Are frends ſo faithfull pledges of delight?

Iailer: VVhat better comforts than are faithfull frends?
Marius: Is welth a meane to lengthen liues content?
Iai. VVhere great poſſeſſions bide, what care can tutch?
Marius: Theſe ſtales of fortune are the common plagues
That ſtill miſlead the thoughts of ſimple men.
The ſhepheard ſwaine that midſt his country cote,
Deludes his broken ſlumbers by his toyle,
Thinkes Lordſhip ſweete, where care with lordſhip dwells
The truſtfull man that builds on trothles vowes,
VVhoſe ſimple thoughts are croſt with ſcornfull wayes,
Together weepes the loſſe of welth and frend:
So Lordſhip, frends, welth, ſpring and periſh faſt,
VVhere death alone yeelds happie life at laſt.
O gentle gouernor of my contents,
Thou ſacred chieftaine of our Capitoll,
VVho in thy chriſtall orbes with glorious gleames,
Lendſt lookes of pitie mixt with maieſtie,
See wofull Marius carefull for his ſonne,
Careleſſe of lordſhip, welth or worldly meanes,
Content to liue, yet liuing ſtill to die:
VVhoſe nerues and veynes, whoſe ſinewes by the ſword
Muſt looſe their workings through diſtempering ſtroake:
But yet whoſe minde in ſpight of fate and all,
Shall liue by fame although the bodie fall.
Iail: VVhy mourneth Marius this recureleſſe chance?
Mar: I prethee Iailer wouldſt thou gladly die?
Iail: If needes, I would.
M*ar:* Yet were you loath to trie.
Iail: VVhy noble Lord, when goods, frends, fortune faile
VVhat more than death might wofull man auaile?
M*ar*: VVho calls for death (my frend) for all his ſcornes,
VVith Aeſops ſlaue will leaue his buſh of thornes.
But ſince theſe traitrous Lords will haue my head,
Their Lordſhips here vpon this homely bed,
Shall finde me ſleeping, breathing forth my breath,
Till they their ſhame, and I my fame attaine by death.

Liue

Liue gentle Marius to reuenge my wrong,
And ſirrha ſee they ſtay not ouer-long.
For he that earſt hath conquered kingdomes many,
Diſdaines in death to be ſubdude by anie.
He lies downe.

Enter Lucius *Fauorinus, Pauſanius, with Pedro, a French-man.*

Iail: The moſt vndanted words that euer were.
The mightie thoughts of his imperious minde,
Do wound my hart with terror and remorſe.

Pauſ: Tis deſperate, not perfect noblenes.
For to a man that is preparde to die,
The heart ſhould rent, the ſleepe ſhould leaue the eye:
But ſay Pedro, will you doo the deed?

Pedr: Mon monſieurs per la ſang dieu, mee will make a trou ſo large in ce belly, dat he ſal cry hough come vne porceau. Featre de lay, il a true me fadre, hee kill my modre. Faith a my trote mon eſpee: ſera le fay dun foldat, Sau, ſau, Ieieuera, come il founta pary, me will make a ſpitch-cocke of his perſona.

Fauor: If he haue ſlaine thy father and thy frends,
The greater honor ſhall betide the deed:
For to reuenge on righteous eſtimate,
Beſeemes the honor of a French mans name.

Pedro: Mes meſsiers, de fault auoir argent, me no point de argent, no point kill Marius.

Pauſ: Thou ſhalt haue forty crowns, wil that content thee?

Pedro: Quarante eſcus, per le pied de Madam, me giue more dan foure to ſe prettie damoſele, dat haue le dulces tettinos, le leures cymbrines. *O*h they be fines.

Fauorinus: Great is the hire and little is the paine,
Make therefore quicke diſpatch, and looke for gaine.
See where he lies in drawing on his death,

VVhoſe

VVhoſe eies by gentle ſlumber ſealed vp,
Preſent no dreadfull viſions to his hart.

Pedro: Bien monſieur, le demourera content. Maries tu es mort. Speake dy preres in dy ſleepe, for me ſall cut off your head from your eſpaules before you wake. Qui es ſtia, what kinde a man be dis.

Fauor: VVhy what delaies are theſe, why gaze ye thus?

Pedr: Notre dame, Ieſu eſtiene, oh my ſiniors der be a great diable in ce eies, qui dart de flame, and with de voice d'un beare, cries out, Villaine dare you kill Marius. Ie tremble: aida me ſiniors, autrement I ſhall be murdred.

Pauſ. VVhat ſodaine madnes daunts this ſtranger thus?

Pedro: Oh me no can kill Marius, me no dare kill Marius: adieu meſſiers, me be dead ſi ie touche Marius, Marius eſt vne diable. Ieſu Maria ſaua moy. *Exit fugiens.*

Pauſ. VVhat furie haunts this wretch on ſodaine thus?

Fauor: Ah my Pauſanius I haue often heard,
*T*hat yonder Marius in his infancie
VVas borne to greater fortunes than we deeme:
For being ſcarce from out his cradle crept,
And ſporting pretely with his compeeres,
On ſodaine ſeuen yong Eagles ſoard amaine,
And kindly pearcht vpon his tender lap.
His parents wondring at this ſtrange euent,
*T*ooke counſaile of the Southſaiers in this,
VVho told them that theſe ſeuen-fold Eagles flight,
Forefigured his ſeuen times Conſulſhip:
And we our ſelues (except bewitcht with pride)
Haue ſeene him ſixe times in the Capitoll
Accompanyd with rods and axes too.
And ſome diuine inſtinct ſo preſſeth mee,
*T*hat ſore I tremble till I ſet him free.

Pauſ: *T*he like aſſaults attaint my wandring minde.
Seeing our bootleſſe warre with matchleſſe fate,
Let vs intreat him to forſake our towne,
So ſhall we gaine a frend of Rome and him:

Marius awaketh.

But marke how happely he doth awake.
Mar: What, breath I yet pore man, with mounting ſighs
Choaking the riuers of my reſtleſſe eies?
Or is their rage reſtraind with matchleſſe ruth?
See how amazd theſe angrie Lords behold
The poore confuſed lookes of wretched Marius.
Minturnians why delaies your headſman thus
To finiſh vp this ruthfull tragedie?
Fauorinus: Far be it Marius from our thoughts or hands
To wrong the man protected by the Gods:
Liue happie (Marius) ſo thou leaue our towne.
Marius: And muſt I wreſtle once againe with fate?
Or will theſe Princes dally with mine age?
Pauſan: No matchles Romane, thine approued minde
That earſt hath altred our ambitious wrong
Muſt flouriſh ſtill, and we thy ſeruants liue
To ſee thy glories like the ſwelling tides
Exceed the bounds of Fate and Romane rule.
Yet leaue vs Lord, and ſeeke ſome ſafer ſhed,
Where more ſecure thou maiſt preuent miſhaps:
For great purſuits and troubles thee awaite.
Marius: Ye piteous powres that with ſuccesfull hopes,
And gentle counſailes thwart my deepe diſpaires:
Olde Marius to your mercies recommends
His hap, his life, his hazard and his ſonne.
Minturnians, I will hence, and you ſhall flie
Occaſions of thoſe troubles you expect.
Dreame not on dangers that haue ſaud my life:
Lordings adieu, from walls to woods I wend,
To hills, dales, rockes, my wrong for to commend. *Exit.*
Fauor: Fortune vouchſafe thy manie cares to end. *Exit.*

Actus tertius.

Enter Scilla in triumph in his chare triumphant of gold, drawen by foure Moores, *before the chariot: his colours, his creſt, his captaines, his priſoners: Arcathius Mithridates ſon, Ariſtion, Archelaus, bearing crownes of gold, and manacled. After the chariot, his ſouldiers bands, Baſillus, Lucretius, Lucullus: beſides priſoners of diuers Nations, and ſundry diſguiſes.*

Scilla: You men of Rome, my fellow mates in Armes,
VVhoſe three yeares proweſſe, pollicie, and warre,
One hundreth three ſcore thouſand men at Armes
Hath ouerthrowne and murthered in the field:
VVhoſe valours to the Empire hath reſtorde,
All Grecia, Aſia, and Ionia.
VVith Macedonia ſubiect to our foe:
You ſee the froward cuſtomes of our ſtate,
VVho meaſuring not our many toiles abroad,
Sit in their Cells imagining our harmes,
Repleniſhing our Romaine friends with feare.
Yea, Scilla worthy friends, whoſe fortunes, toiles,
And ſtratagems theſe ſtrangers may report,
Is by falſe Cynna and his factious friends.
Reuilde, condemnde, and croſt without a cauſe.
Yea (Romaines) Marius muſt returne to Rome,
Of purpoſe to vpbraid your Generall.
But this vndaunted minde that neuer droopt:
This forward bodie formd to ſuffer toile,
Shall haſt to Rome where euerie foe ſhall rue,
The raſh diſgrace both of my ſelfe and you:

Lu.

Lucretius: And may it be that thoſe ſeditious braines,
Imagine theſe preſumptuous purpoſes?

Scilla: And may it be? why man and wilt thou doubt,
VVhere Scilla daines theſe dangers to auerre?
Sirrha except not ſo, miſdoubt not ſo,
See here Ancharius letters reade the lines,
And ſay Lucretius that I fauour thee,
That dareſt but ſuſpect thy Generall.

Read the letters and deliuer them.

Lucr: The caſe conceald hath moued the more miſdoubt,
Yet pardon my preſumptions worthy Scilla,
That to my griefe haue read theſe hideous harmes.

Scilla: Tut my Lucretius, fortunes ball is toſt,
To forme the ſtorie of my fatall powre:
Rome ſhall repent, babe, mother, ſhall repent,
Aire weeping clowdie ſorrowes ſhall repent,
vvind breathing many ſighings ſhall repent
To ſee thoſe ſtormes concealed in my breſt,
Reflect the hideous flames of their vnreſt:
But words are vaine, and cannot quell our wrongs,
Briefe periods ſerue for them that needs muſt poſt it.
Lucullus ſince occaſion calls me hence,
And all our Romaine ſenate thinke it meete,
That thou purſue the warres I haue begun,
As by their letters I am certified,
I leaue thee Fimbrias Legions to conduct,
vvith this prouiſo, that in ruling ſtill,
You thinke on Scilla and his curteſies.

Lucullus: The waightie charge of this continued warre,
Though ſtrange it ſeeme, and ouer great to wield,
I will accept if ſo the Armie pleaſe.

Souldiers: Happie & fortunate be Lucullus our Generall.

Scilla: If he be Scillas friend, els not at all:
For otherwiſe the man were ill beſted,
That gaining glories ſtraight ſhould loſe his head.
But ſouldiers ſince I needly muſt to Rome,

Baſillus vertues ſhall haue recompence.
Lo here the wreath Valerius for thy paines,
VVho firſt didſt enter Archilous trench:
This pledge of vertue firrha ſhall approue,
Thy vertues, and confirme me in thy loue.
Baſillus: Happie be Scilla, if no foe to Rome.
Scilla: I like no iffs from ſuch a ſimple groome,
I will be happie in deſpite of ſtate,
And why? becauſe I neuer feared fate.
But come Arcathius for your fathers ſake,
Enioyne your fellow Princes to their taskes,
And helpe to ſuccour theſe my wearie bones.
Tut bluſh not man, a greater ſtate than thou,
Shall pleaſure Scilla in more baſer ſort.
Ariſtion is a iolly timberd man,
Fit to conduct the chariot of a King.
VVhy be not ſqueamiſh, for it ſhall goe hard,
But I will giue you all a great reward.
Arcath: Humbled by fate like wretched men we yeeld
Scilla: Arcathius theſe are fortunes of the field.
Beleeue me theſe braue Captyues draw by art,
And I will thinke vpon their good deſart.
But ſtay you ſtrangers, and reſpect my words,
Fond hartles men, what folly haue I ſeene:
For feare of death can Princes entertaine
Such baſtard thoughts, that now from glorious armes
Vouchſafe to draw like oxen in a plough.
Arcathius I am ſure Mithridates
VVill hardly brooke the ſcandall of his name:
Twere better in Picæo to haue died
Ariſtion, than amidſt our legions thus to draw.
Ariſtion: I tell thee Scilla, captiues haue no choice,
And death is dreadfull to a caytiue man.
Scilla: In ſuch imperfect mettals as is yours.
But Romanes that are ſtill allurde by fame,
Chuſe rather death than blemiſh of their name,

But

But I haue haſt, and therefore will reward you.
Goe ſouldiers, with as quicke diſpatch as may be,
Haſten their death, and bring them to their end,
And ſay in this that Scilla is your frend.

Arcathius: Oh ranſome thou our liues ſweet conqueror.

Scilla: Fie fooliſh men, why flie you happines,
Deſire you ſtill to lead a ſeruile life.
Dare you not buy delights with little paines.
VVell, for thy fathers ſake Arcathius,
I will preferre thy triumphs with the reſt.
Goe take them hence, and when we meete in hell,
Then tell me Princes if I did not well.

Exeunt milites.

Lucullus, thus theſe mightie foes are downe,
Now ſtriue thou for the king of Pontus crowne.
I will to Rome, goe thou, and with thy traine,
Purſue Mithridates till he be ſlaine.

Lucul: VVith fortunes help, go calme thy countries woes
VVhilſt I with theſe ſeeke out our mightie foes.

Enter Marius ſolus from the Numidian mountaines, feeding on rootes.

Mar: *pat*: Thou that haſt walkt with troops of flocking (frends,
Now wandreſt midſt the laborynth of woes,
Thy beſt repaſt with manie ſighing ends,
And none but fortune all theſe miſchiefes knowes.
Like to theſe ſtretching mountaines clad with ſnow,
No ſun-ſhine of content my thoughts approcheth:
High ſpyre their tops, my hopes no height do know,
But mount ſo high as time their tract reprocheth:
They finde their ſpring, where winter wrongs my minde:
They weepe their brookes, I waſt my cheekes with teares.
Oh fooliſh fate, too froward and vnkinde,
Mountaines haue peace, where mournfull be my yeres:
Yet high as they my thoughts ſome hopes would borrow,

But when I count the euening end with ſorrow.
Death in Minturnum threatned Marius head,
Hunger in theſe Numidian mountaines dwells:
Thus with preuention hauing miſchiefe fled,
Old Marius findes a world of manie hells.
Such as poore ſimple wits haue oft repinde,
But I will quell by vertues of the minde.
Long yeres miſſpent in manie luckles chances,
Thoughts full of wroth, yet little worth ſucceeding,
Theſe are the meanes for thoſe whom fate aduances:
But I, whoſe wounds are freſh, my hart ſtill bleeding,
Liues to intreate this bleſſed boone from fate,
That I might die with griefe to liue in ſtate.
Sixe hundreth ſonnes with ſolitarie walkes,
I ſtill haue ſought for to delude my paine,
And frendly Eccho anſwering to my talkes,
Rebounds the accent of my ruth againe:
She (curteous Nymph) the wofull Romane pleaſeth,
Els no conforts but beaſts my paines appeaſeth.
Each day ſhe anſweres, in yond neighbring mountaine,
I doo expect reporting of my ſorrow,
Whilſt lifting vp her lockes from out the fountaine,
She anſwereth to my queſtions euen and morrow:
Whoſe ſweete rebounds my ſorrowes to remoue,
To pleaſe my thoughts I meane for to approue.
Sweet Nymph draw nere thou kind & gentle Eccho. *Eccho.*
VVhat help to eaſe my wearie paines haue I? *I.*
VVhat comfort in diſtres to calme my griefes? *griefes.*
Sweet Nymph theſe griefes are growne before I thought ſo?
I thought ſo.
Thus Marius liues diſdaind of all the Gods. *O ods.*
VVith deepe diſpaire late ouertaken wholy. *O ly.*
And wil the heavns be neuer wel appeaſed? *appeaſed.*
VVhat meane haue they left me to cure my ſmart? *art.*
Nought better fits old Marius mind then war, *then war.*
Then full of hope ſay Eccho, ſhall I goe? *goe.*

Is

Is anie better fortune then at hand. *at hand.*
Then farewell Eccho, gentle Nymph farewel. *farewell.*
Oh pleaſing folly to a penſiue man.
VVell I will reſt faſt by this ſhadie tree.
VVaiting the end that fate allotteth mee. *ſit downe.*

Enter Marius the ſonne, Albinouanus, Cethegus, Lectorius, with ſouldiers.

Marius: My countrimen and fauorites of Rome,
This melancholy deſart where we meete,
Reſembleth well yong Marius reſtles thoughts.
Here dreadfull ſilence, ſolitarie caues,
No chirping birds with ſolace ſinging ſweetlie,
Are harbored for delight: but from the oake
Leaueles and ſaples through decaying age,
The ſcritch-owle chants her fatall boding layes.
VVithin my breſt, care, danger, ſorrow dwells,
Hope and reuenge ſit hammering in my hart,
The balefull babes of angrie Nemeſis
Diſpearſe their furious fires vpon my ſoule.
Lector: Fie Marius, are you diſcontented ſtill,
VVhen as occaſion fauoreth your deſire?
Are not theſe noble Romanes come from Rome?
Hath not the ſtate recald your father home?
Marius: And what of this, what profit may I reape,
That want my father to conduct vs home.
Lector: My Lord, take hart, no doubt this ſtormie flawe
That Neptune ſent to caſt vs on this ſhore.
Shall end theſe diſcontentments at the laſt.
Mar: pat: VVhom ſee mine eyes, what is not yon my ſon?
Mar: iu: vvhat ſolitarie father walketh there?
Mar: pa: It is my ſonne, theſe are my frends I ſee:
vvhat haue forepining cares, ſo changed mee?
Or are my lookes, diſtempred through the paines
And agonies that iſſue from my hart?

Fie

Fie Marius, frolicke man, thou muſt to Rome,
There to reuenge thy wrongs and waight thy tombe.
Marius iu: Now fortune frowne, & palter if thou pleaſe,
Romanes behold my father and your frend.
Oh father.
Marius pa: Marius thou art fitly met:
Albinouanus and my other frends,
VVhat newes at Rome? what fortune brought you hither?
Albino: My Lord, the Conſull Cynna hath reſtord
The doubtfull courſe of your betrayed ſtate,
And waits you prreſent ſwift approch to Rome,
Your foe man Scilla poaſteth verie faſt,
VVith good ſucceſſe from Pontus to preuent
Your ſpeedie entrance into Italy.
The neighbring Cities are your verie frends,
Nought reſts my Lord, but you depart from hence.
Mar: *iu*: How manie deſart waies hath Marius fought,
How manie Cities haue I viſited,
To finde my father, and releeue his wants?
Marius pat: My ſonne, I quite thy trauells with my loue,
And Lords and Citizens we will to Rome,
And ioyne with Cynna haue your ſhipping here?
VVhat are theſe ſouldiers bent to die with mee?
Soul: Content to pledge our liues for Marius.
Lect: My Lord, here in the next adioyning port,
Our ſhips are rigd and readie for to ſaile.
Marius pa: Then let vs ſaile vnto Hetruria,
And cauſe our frends the Germanes to reuolt,
And get ſome Tuſcans to increaſe our power.
Deſerts farewell come Romanes let vs goe,
A ſcourge for Rome that hath depreſt vs ſo. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Marke Anthonie, Lepidus, Octauius, Flaccus, Senators.

Octa. WHat helpes my Lords to ouerhale theſe cares? What meanes or motions may theſe miſchiefs (end?
You ſee how Cynna that ſhould ſuccor Rome,
Hath leuied armes to bring a traitor in.
O worthleſſe traitor, woe to thine and thee,
That thus diſquieteth both Rome and vs.

Anth: Octauius theſe are ſcourges for our ſinnes,
Theſe are but miniſters to heape our plagues:
Theſe mutinies are gentle meanes and waies,
VVhereby the heavns our heauie errors charmes.
Then with content and humbled eyes behold
The chriſtall ſhining globe of glorious Ioue:
And ſince we periſh through our owne miſdeedes
Go let vs flouriſh in our fruteſull praiers.

Lepid: Midſt theſe confuſions mighty men of Rome,
VVhy waſt we out theſe troubles all in words,
VVeepe not your harmes, but wend we ſtraight to armes,
Loe Diſtia ſpoyld, ſee Marius at our gate:
And ſhall we die like milkſops dreaming thus?

Octa: A bootles warre to ſee our countrey ſpoild.

Lep: Fruteles is dalliance whereas dangers bee.

Anth: My Lord, may courage wait on conquered men?

Lep: I, euen in death moſt courage doth appeare.

Octa: Then waiting death I meane to ſeate me here,
Hoping that Conſulls name and feare of lawes,
Shall iuſtifie my conſcience and my cauſe.

Enter a meſſenger.

Now ſirrha, what confuſed lookes are theſe,
VVhat tidings bringeſt thou of dreriment?

Meſſen: My Lords, the Conſull Cynna with his frends
Haue let in Marius by *Via Appia*,
VVhoſe ſouldiers waſt and murther all they meete,
VVho with the Conſull and his other frends
VVith expedition haſteth to this place.

Anth: Then to the downfall of my happines,
Then to the ruine of this Citie Rome.
But if mine inward ruth were laid in ſight,
My ſtreames of teares ſhould drowne my foes deſpight.

Octa: Courage Lord Anthony, if Fortune pleaſe,
She will and can theſe troubles ſoone appeaſe.
But if her backward frownes approch vs nie,
Reſolue with vs with honor for to die.

Lep: No ſtorme of fate ſhall bring my ſorrowes downe,
But if that Fortune liſt, why let her frowne.

Anth: VVhere ſtate's oppreſt by cruell tyrants bee,
Old Anthony, there is no place for thee.

Drum ſtrike within:

Harke, by this thundring noyſe of threatning drums,
Marius with all his faction hether comes.

Enter Marius, his Sonne, Cynna, Cethegus, Lectorius with ſouldiers: vpon ſight of whom Marke Anthony preſently flies.

Octa: Then like a traitor he ſhall know ere long,
In leuying armes he doth his countrey wrong.

Marius pa: And haue we got the goale of honor now,
And in deſpight of Conſulls entred Rome?
Then rouze thee Marius, leaue thy ruthfull thoughts:
And for thy manie toiles and cares ſuſtaind,
Afflict thy foes with twice as many paines.
Goe ſouldiers ſeeke out Bebius and his frends,
Attilius, Munitorius with the reſt,
Cut off their heads, for they did croſſe me once:
And if your care can compaſſe my decree,

Remem

Remember that ſame fugitiue Marke Anthony,
VVhoſe fatall end ſhall be my frutefull peace.
I tell thee Cynna, nature armeth beaſts
With iuſt reuenge, and lendeth in their kindes
Sufficient warlike weapons of defence:
If then by nature beaſts reuenge their wrong,
Both heauens and nature grant me vengeance now.
Yet whilſt I liue and ſucke this ſubtill aire
That lendeth breathing coolenes to my lights,
The regiſter of all thy righteous acts,
Thy paines, thy toiles, thy trauells for my ſake,
Shall dwell by kinde impreſſions in my hart,
And I with linkes of true vnfained lone
VVill locke theſe Romane fauorites in my breſt,
And liue to hazard life for their releefe.

Cyn: My Lord, your ſafe and ſwift returne to Rome,
Makes Cynna fortunate and well appaid,
Who through the falſe ſuggeſtions of my foes,
VVas made a coffer of a Conſull here:
Lo where he ſits commanding in his throue,
That wronged Marius, me, and all theſe Lords.

Mar: *iu*: To quite his loue, Cynna let me alone.
How fare theſe Lords that lumping pouting proud
Imagine how to quell me with their lookes.
No welcome ſirs, is Marius thought ſo baſe?
VVhy ſtand you looking babies in my face?
VVho welcomes mee, him Marius makes his frend:
VVho lowres on mee, him Marius meanes to end.

Flaccus: Happie and fortunate thy returne to Rome.

Lepidus: And long Marius liue with fame in Rome.

Marius: I thanke you curteous Lords that are ſo kinde.

Mar: *iu*: But why endures your Grace that brauing mate
To ſit and face vs in his roabes of ſtate.

Mar: *pa*: My ſonne he is a Conſull at the leaſt,
And grauitie becomes Octauius beſt.

But Cynna would in yonder emptie ſeat,
You would for Marius freedome once intreate,

Cynna preſſeth vp, and Octauius ſtaieth him.

Octa: Auant thou traitor, proud and inſolent,
How dareſt thou preſſe nere ciuill gouernment.

Mar: VVhy Maſter Conſull, are you growne ſo hot?
Ile haue a preſent cooling card for you:
Be therefore well aduiſde, and moue me not:
For though by you I was exilde from Rome,
And in the deſart from a Princes ſeate
Left to bewaile ingratitudes of Rome.
Though I haue knowne your thirſtie throates haue longd
To baine their ſelues in my diſtilling blood.
Yet Marius Sirs, hath pitie ioynd with powre:
Loe here the Imperiall Enſigne which I wield,
That waueth mercie to my wiſhers well:
And more ſee here the dangerous trote of warre,
That at the point is ſteeld with ghaſtly death.

Octa: Thou exile, threatneſt thou a Conſull then?
Lictors, goe draw him hence: ſuch brauing mates,
Are not to boaſt their armes in quiet ſtates.

Marius: Go draw me hence. VVhat no relent Octauius?

Mar: iu: My Lord what hart indurate with reuenge,
Could leaue this loſſell, threatning murther thus?
Vouchſafe me leaue to taint that traitors ſeate
VVith flowing ſtreames of his contagious blood.

Octa: The fathers ſonne, I know him by his talke,
That ſcolds in words when fingers cannot walke.
But Ioue I hope will one day ſend to Rome
The bleſſed Patron of this Monarchie,
VVho will reuenge iniuſtice by his ſword.

Cynna: Such brauing hopes, ſuch curſed arguments,
So ſtrict command, ſuch arrogant controwles.
Suffer me Marius, that am Conſull now,
To doo thee iuſtice, and confound the wretch.

Mar: *pat*: Cynna, you know I am a priuate man,
That

That ſtill ſubmit my cenſures to your will.

Cynna: Then ſouldiers draw this traitor from the throne,
And let him die, for Cynna wills it ſo.

Mar: iu: I now my Cynna, noble Conſull ſpeakes,
Octauius, your checkes ſhall coſt you deare.

Octa: And let me die for Cynna wills it ſo?
Is then the reuerence of this robe contemnnd?
Are theſe aſſociates of ſo ſmall regard?
VVhy then Octauius willingly conſents,
To entertaine the ſentence of his death.
But let the proudeſt traitor worke his will,
I feare no ſtrokes, but here will ſit me ſtill.
Since iuſtice ſleepes, ſince tyrants raigne in Rome,
octauius longs for death to die for Rome.

Cyn: Then ſtrike him where he ſits, then hale him hence.

A ſouldier ſtabs him, he is caried away.

Octa: Heauens puniſh Cynnas pride and thy offence.

Cynna: Now is he ſalne that threatned Marius,
Now will I ſit and plead for Marius.

Mar: pat: Thou dooſt me iuſtice Cynna, for you ſee
Theſe peeres of Rome haue late exiled mee.

Lepid: Your Lordſhip doth iniuſtice to accuſe
Thoſe who in your behalfe did not offend.

Flacc. VVe grieue to ſee the aged Marius
Stand like a priuate man in view of Rome.

Cyn: Then bid him ſit, and loe an emptie place,
Reuoke his exile, firme his gouernment,
And ſo preuent your farther detriment.

Lepid: VVe will accompt both Marius and his frends,
His ſonne and all his followers free in Rome:
And ſince we ſee the dangerous times at hand,
And here of Scillas confidence and haſt,
And know his hate and rancor to theſe Lords,
And him create for Conſull to preuent
The policies of Scilla and his frends.

Cyn: Then both confirmd by ſtate and full conſent,

The rods and axe to Marius I preſent,
And here inueſt thee with the Conſulls pall.

Flaccus: Long, fortunate and happie life betide
Old Marius in his ſeuenfold Conſulſhip.

Mar: *iu*: And ſo let Marius liue and gouerne Rome,
As curſed Scilla neuer looke on Rome.

Mariuspat: Then placde in Conſuls throne, you Romane (ſtates

He takes his ſeate.

Recald from baniſhment by your decrees,
Enſtald in this imperiall ſeate to rule,
Old Marius thankes his frends and fauorites:
From whom this finall fauor he requires,
That ſeeing Scilla by his murthrous blade
Brought fierce ſeditions firſt to head in Rome,
And forced lawes to baniſh innocents:
I craue by courſe of reaſon and deſert,
That he may be proclaimd as earſt was I,
A traitor and an enemie of Rome:
Let all his frends be baniſht out of towne:
Then cutting off the branch where troubles ſpring,
Rome ſhall haue peace and plentie in her walls.

Cynn: In equitie it needes muſt be my frends,
That one be guiltie of our common harmes:
And ſince that Marius is accounted free,
Scilla with all his frends muſt traitors bee.

Mar: *iu:* My fathers reaſons Romanes are of force:
For if you ſee and liue not too ſecure,
You know that in ſo great a ſtate as this,
Two mightie foes can neuer well agree.

Lepid: Then let vs ſeeke to pleaſe our Conſull firſt,
And then prepare to keep the exile out.
Cynna, as Marius and theſe Lords agree,
Firme this Edict, and let it paſſe for mee.

Cynn: Then Romanes, in the name of all this ſtate,
I here proclaime and publiſh this decree:
That Scilla with his frends, allies and all,

Are

Are baniſht exiles, traitors vnto Rome.
And to extinguiſh both his name and ſtate,
VVe will his houſe be raced to the ground,
His goods confiſcate: this our cenſures is.
Lictors proclaime this in the market place,
And ſee it executed out of hand. *Exit* Lictor.

Mar: *pat:* Now ſee I Senators, the thought, the care,
The vertuous zeale that leads your toward mindes,
To loue your frends and watch your common good:
And now eſtabliſht Conſull in this place,
Old Marius will foreſee aduenient harmes:
Scilla the ſcourge of Aſia as we heare
Is preſt to enter Italie with ſword,
He comes in pompe to triumph here in Rome,
But Senators you know the wauering wills,
Of fooliſh men I meane the common ſort,
VVho through report of innouations,
Or flattering humors of well tempred tongues,
VVill change and draw a ſecond miſchiefe on:
I like your care, and will my ſelfe apply
To aime and leuell at my countries weale.
To intercept theſe errors by aduice,
My ſonne yong Marius, Cethegus and my frends,
Shall to Preneſte to preuent and ſtop
The ſpeedie purpoſe of our forward foe.
Meane while ourſelues will fortifie this towne,
This beautie of the world, this maiden towne,
VVhere ſtreaming Tybris with a pleaſant tyde,
Leads out the ſtately buildings of the world.
Marius my hope, my ſonne, you know your charge,
Take thoſe Iberian legions in your traine,
And we will ſpare ſome Cymbrians to your vſe,
Remember thou art Marius ſonne, and dreame
On nought but honor and a happie death.

Mar: *iu*: I go my Lord in hope to make the world
Report my ſeruice, and my dutie too,

And

And that proud challenger of Aſia,
Shall finde that Marius ſonne hath force and wit.
Exit cum Cethego.

Marius pat: Goe thou as fortunate as Greekes to Troy,
As glorious as Alcides in thy toiles,
As happie as Sertorius in thy fight,
As valiant as Achilles in thy might.
Go glorious, valiant, happie, fortunate,
As all thoſe Greekes and him of Romane ſtate.

Enter led in with ſouldiers Cornelia and Fuluia.

Corn: Traitors why drag you thus a Princes wife,
As if that beautie were a thrall to fate.
Are Romanes growen more barbarous than Greekes,
That hale more greater than Caſſandra now?
The Macedonian Monarch was more kinde,
That honored and relieud in warlike campe
Darius mother, daughters and his wife,
But you vnkinde to Romane Ladies now,
Perhaps as conſtant as the Aſian Queenes,
For they ſubdude had frendſhip in diſgrace,
VVhere we vnconquered liue in wofull caſe.

Mar: VVhat plaintiffe pleas preſents that Ladie there?
VVhy ſouldiers, make you priſners here in Rome?

1 Soul: Dread Conſulls, we haue found Cornelia here,
And Scillas daughter poſting out of towne.

Marius: Ladies of worth, both beautifull and wife,
But nere allied vnto my greateſt foe:
Yet Marius minde that neuer ment diſgrace,
More likes their courage than their comely face.
Are you Cornelia Madame, Scillas wife?

Corn: I am Cornelia Scillas wife: what then?

Marius: And is this Fuluia Scillas daughter too?

Fuluia: And this is Fuluia Scillas daughter too.

Mar: *pat:* Two welcome gueſts, in whom the maieſtie
of my conceit and courage muſt conſiſt:
VVhat thinke you Senators and countrimen?

See

See here are two the faireſt ſtarres of Rome,
The deereſt dainties of my warlike foe,
VVhoſe liues vpon your cenſures doo conſiſt.
Lepid: Dread Conſull the continuance of their liues,
Shall egge on Scilla to a greater haſt.
And in bereauing of their vitall breath,
Your grace ſhall force more furie from your foe:
Of theſe extreames we leaue the choice to you.
Mar: Then thinke that ſome ſtrange fortune ſhall inſue.
Ful: Poore Fuluia, now thy happie daies are done,
In ſteed of marriage pompe, the fatall lights
Of funeralls muſt maske about thy bed.
Nor ſhall thy fathers armes with kinde embrace
Hem in thy ſhoulders trembling now for feare.
I ſee in Marius lookes ſuch tragedies,
As feare my hart, and fountaines fills mine eyes.
Corn: Fie Fuluia, ſhall thy fathers daughter faint
Before the threats of dangers ſhall approach?
Drie vp thoſe teares, and like a Romane maid,
Be bold and ſilent till our foe haue ſaid.
Marius: Cornelia wife vnto my traitor foe?
VVhat gadding mood hath forſt thy ſpeedie flight,
To leaue thy country, and forſake thy frends?
Corn: Accurſed Marius, off-ſpring of my paines,
VVhoſe furious wrath hath wrought thy countries woe:
VVhat may remaine for me or mine in Rome,
That ſee the tokens of thy tyrannies?
Vile monſter, robd of vertue, what reuenge
Is this, to wreake thine anger on the walls?
To race our houſe, to baniſh all our frends,
To kill the reſt, and captiue vs at laſt?
Thinkſt thou by barbarous deedes to boaſt thy ſtate,
Or ſpoyling Scilla to depreſſe his hate?
No Marius, but for euerie drop of blood
And inch of wrong he ſhall returne thee two.
Flaccus: Madame, in danger wiſedome doth aduiſe,

In humble termes to reconcile our foes.
Marius: She is a woman Flaccus, let her talke,
That breath forth bitter words in ſteed of blowes.
Corn: And in regard of that immodeſt man,
Thou ſhouldſt deſiſt from outrage and reuenge.
Lect: VVhat, can your Grace indure theſe curſed ſcoffs?
Mar: VVhy my Lectorius, I haue euer learnt,
That Ladies cannot wrong me with vpbraids.
Then let her talke, and my concealed hate,
Shall heap reuengement vpon Scillas pate.
Fulu: Let feauers firſt afflict thy feeble age,
Let palſies make thy ſtubborne fingers faint,
Let humors ſtreaming from thy moyſtned braines
With cloudes of dymnes choake thy fretfull eyes,
Before theſe monſtrous harmes aſſaile my ſyre.
Mar: Byr Ladie Fuluia, you are gaily red,
Your mother well may boaſt you for her owne,
For both of you haue words and ſcoffs at will:
And ſince I like the compaſſe of your wit,
My ſelfe will ſtand, and Ladies you ſhall ſit:
And if you pleaſe to wade in farther words,
Lets ſee what brawles your memories affords.
Corn: Your Lordſhips paſſing mannerly in ieſt,
But that you may perceiue we ſmell your drift,
VVe both will ſit and countenance your ſhift.
Mar: VVhere conſtancie and beautie doo conſort,
There Ladies threatnings turnd to merry ſport.
How fare theſe beautifull, what well at eaſe?
Ful: As readie as at firſt for to diſpleaſe.
For full confirmd that we ſhall ſurely die,
VVe wait our ends with Romane conſtancie.
Mar: why think you Marius hath confirmd your death?
Ful: VVhat other frute may ſpring from tyrants hands?
Mar: In faith then Ladies, thus the matter ſtands,
Since you miſtake my loue and curteſie,
Prepare your ſelues, for you ſhall ſurely die.

Corn:

Cornel: I Marius, now I know thou doſt not lie:
And that thou maiſt vnto thy laſting blame,
Extinguiſh in our deaths thy wiſhed fame.
Grant vs this boone that making choice of death,
VVe may be freed from furie of thine yre.
M*arius:* An eaſie boon, Ladies I condiſcend.
Corn: Then ſuffer vs in priuate chamber cloſe
To meditate a day or two alone:
And tyrant if thou finde vs liuing then,
Commit vs ſtraight vnto thy ſlaughtring men.
M*arius:* Ladies I grant, for Marius nill denie,
A ſute ſo eaſie, and of ſuch import:
For pitie were that Dames of conſtancie,
Should not be agents of their miſerie.
Here he whiſpers Lectorius.
Lectorius, harke, diſpatch. *Exit. Lector.*
Corn: Loe Fuluia, now the lateſt doome is fixt,
And naught remaines but conſtant Romane harts,
To beare the brunt of yrkſome furies ſpight,
Rouſe thee my deare, and daunt thoſe faint conceipts,
That trembling ſtand agaſt at bitter death:
Bethinke thee now that Scilla was thy ſyre,
VVhoſe courage heauen nor fortune could abate.
Then like the off-ſpring of fierce Scillas houſe,
Paſſe with the thrice renowmed Phrigian Dame,
As to thy marriage, ſo vnto thy death:
For nought to wretches is more ſweete than death.
Ful: Madam confirmd as well to die as liue,
Fuluia awaiteth nothing but her death.
Yet had my father knowne the courſe of change,
Or ſeene our loſſe by luckie augurie,
Thys tyrant nor hys followers had liued,
To ioy the ruine of fierce Scillas houſe.
M*ar*: But Ladie, they that dwell on fortunes call,
No ſooner riſe, but ſubiect are to fall.
Ful: Marius I doubt not but our conſtant endes,

Shall make thee waile thy tyrants gouernment.
Marius: VVhen tyrants rule doth breed my care & woe
Then will I ſay two Ladies told me ſo.
But here comes Lectorius,
Now my Lord, haue you brought thoſe things.
Lector: I haue noble Conſull.
Mar: Now Ladies, you are reſolute to die.
Corn: I Marius, for terror cannot daunt vs:
Tortors were framde to dread the baſer eie,
And not t'appall a princely maieſtie.
Marius: And Marius liues to triumph ore his foes,
That traine where warlike troopes amidſt the plaines,
And are incloſde and hemd with ſhining armes,
Not to appall ſuch princely Maieſtie.
Vertue ſweete Ladies is of more regard
In Marius minde where honor is inthronde,
Than Rome or rule of Romane Emperie.
Here he puts chaines about their neckes:
The bands that ſhould combine your ſnow white wreſts,
Are theſe which ſhall adorne your milke white neckes:
The priuate cells where you ſhall end your liues,
Is Italy, is Europe, nay the world:
Th'Euxinian ſea, and fierce Sicilian Gulph,
The riuer Ganges and Hydaſpis ſtreame,
Shall leuell lye, and ſmoothe as chriſtall yce:
VVhilſt Fuluia and Cornelia paſſe thereon:
The ſouldiers that ſhould guard you to your deaths,
Shall be fiue thouſand gallant youths of Rome,
In purple roabes croſſe bard with pales of gold,
Mounted on warlike courſers for the field,
Fet from the mountaine tops of Cortia,
Or bred in hills of bright Sardinia,
VVho ſhall conduct and bring you to your Lord,
I vnto Scilla Ladies ſhall you goe,
And tell him Marius holds within his hands,
Honor for Ladies, for Ladies rich reward,

But

But as for Silla and for his compeeres
VVho dare gainſt Marius vaunt their golden creſts,
Tell him for them old Marius holds reuenge,
And in his hands both triumphs life and death.

Corn: Doth Marius vſe with glorious words to ieſt,
And mocke his captiues with theſe gloſing tearmes?

Mar: No Ladies, Marius hath fought for honour with his fword,
And holds diſdaine to triumph in your fals.
Liue Cornelia, liue faire and faireſt Fuluia:
If you haue done or wrought me iniurie,
Scilla ſhall pay it through his miſerie.

Fuluia: So gratious (famous Conſull) are thy words,
That Rome and we ſhall celebrate thy worth,
And Scilla ſhall confeſſe himſelfe orecome.

Corn: If Ladies praiers or teares may mooue the heauens,
Scilla ſhall vow himſelfe old Marius frend.

Mar: Ladies for that I nought at all regard,
Scilla's my foe, Ile triumph ouer him,
For other conqueſt glorie doth not win.
Therefore come on, that I may ſend you vnto Scilla. *Exeunt*

Enter a clowne drunke with a pint of wine in his hand, and two or three ſouldiers.

1 ſoul: Sirrha, dally not with vs, you know where he is.

Clowne: O ſir, a quart is a quart in any mans purſe, and drinke is drinke, and can my maſter liue without his drinke I pray you?

2 ſoul: You haue a maſter then ſirrha?

Clowne: Haue I maſter thou ſcondrell? I haue an Orator to my maſter, a wiſe man to my maſter. But fellowes, I muſt make a parentheſis of this pint pot, for words make men dry: now by my troth I drinke to Lord Anthonie.

3 ſoul: Fellow ſouldiers, the weaknes of his braine hath made his tongue walke largely, we ſhall haue ſome nouelties by and by.

Clowne: Oh moſt ſurpaſſing wine, thou marow of the vine,
More welcome vnto me, than whips to ſchollers bee,
Thou art and euer was a meanes to mend an aſſe,
Thou makeſt ſome to ſleep, and manie mo to weep,
And ſome be glad & merry, with heigh down derry, derry.
Thou makeſt ſome to ſtumble, and many mo to fumble:
And me haue pinkie nine, more braue and iolly wine: (ho.
VVhat need I praiſe thee mo, for thou art good with heigh

3 ſoul: If wine then be ſo good, I pree thee for thy part,
Tell vs where Lord Anthony is, & thou ſhalt haue a quart.

Clow. Firſt ſhal the ſnow be black, & pepper loſe his ſmack
And ſtripes forſake my backe, firſt merrie drunke with ſack,
I will go boaſt and tracke, and all your coſtards cracke,
Before I doo the knacke ſhall make me ſing alacke:
Alacke the old man is wearie, for wine hath made him mer-
(rie: with a heigh ho.

1 ſoul: I pre thee leaue theſe rymes, and tell vs where thy maſter is.

Clown: Faith where you ſhall not bee vnles ye goe with mee. But ſhall I tell them ſo? O no ſir, no, no, no, the man hath manie a foe, as farre as I doo know: you doo not flout me I trow. See how this licor fumes, & how my force preſumes. You would know where Lord Anthonie is? I perceiue you. Shall I ſay he is in yond farme houſe? I deceiue you. Shall I tell you this wine is for him? the gods forſend, and ſo I end. Go fellow fighters theres a bob for ye.

2 ſoul: My maſters, let vs follow this clowne, for queſtionles this graue orator is in yonder farme houſe. But who commeth yonder?

Enter old Anthonie.

Anth: I wonder why my peaſant ſtaies ſo long,
And with my wonder haſteth on my woe,
And with my woe I am aſſaild with feare,
And by my feare await with faintful breath
The final period of my paines by death.

1 ſou

1 ſoul: Yonds the man we ſeeke for (ſouldiers) vnſheath your ſwords, and make a riddance of Marius ancient enemie.

Clowne: Maſter flie, flie, or els you ſhall die: a plague on this wine hath made me ſo fine, and will you not be gone, then Ile leaue you alone, and ſleepe vpon your woe, with a lamentable heigh ho. *Exit.*

Anth: Betraid at laſt by witles ouerſight,
Now Anthony, prepare thy ſelfe to die:
Loe where the monſtrous miniſters of wrath
Menace thy murther with their naked ſwords.

2 ſoul: Anthonie well met, the Conſull Marius with other confederate Senators, haue adiudged thee death, therfore prepare thy ſelfe, and thinke we fauor thee in this little protraction.

Anth: Immortall powers that know the painefull cares,
That waight vpon my poore diſtreſſed hart,
O bend your browes and leuill all your lookes
Of dreadfull awe vpon theſe daring men.
And thou ſweet neece of Atlas on whoſe lips
And tender tongue, the pliant Muſes ſit,
Let gentle courſe of ſweet aſpiring ſpeech,
Let honnie flowing tearmes of wearie woe,
Let frutefull figures and delightfull lines
Enforce a ſpring of pitie from their eyes,
Amaſe the murthrous paſſions of their mindes,
That they may fauour woſull Anthonie.
Oh countrimen what ſhal become of Rome,
VVhen reuerend dutie droopeth through diſgrace?
Oh Countrimen, what ſhal become of Rome,
VVhen woful nature widdow of her ioyes,
VVeepes on our wals to ſee her lawes depreſt?
Oh Romaines hath not Anthonies diſcourſe,
Seald vp the Mouthes of falſe ſeditious men,

Affoild

Affoild the doubts and queint controlls of powre,
Releeud the mournfull matrone with his pleas?
And will you ſeeke to murder Anthonie?
The Lions brooke with kindnes their releeſe,
The ſheep reward the ſhepheard with their fleece:
Yet Romanes ſeeke to murder Anthony.

1 ſoul: Why what enchanting termes of arte are theſe?
That force my hart to pitie his diſtreſſe.

2 ſoul: His action, ſpeech, his fauor, and his grace,
My rancor rage and rigor doth deface.

3 ſoul: So ſweet his words that now of late me ſeemes
His art doth draw my ſoule from out my lips.

Anth: VVhat enuious eies reflecting nought but rage,
VVhat barbarous hart refreſht with nought but blood,
That rents not to behold the ſenſles trees
In doaly ſeaſon drooping without leaues?
The ſhepheard ſighs vpon the barrain hills
To ſee his bleating lambs with faintfull lookes.
Behold the vallies robd of ſpringing flowres,
That whilom wont to yeeld them yerely food.
Euen meaneſt things exchangd from former ſtate,
The vertuous minde with ſome remorſe doth mate.
Can then your eyes with thundering threats of rage,
Caſt furious gleames of anger vpon age?
Can then your harts with furies mount ſo hie,
As they ſhould harme the Romane Anthonie?
I farre more kinde than ſenſles tree haue lent
A kindly ſap to our declining ſtate,
And like a carefull ſhepheard haue foreſeene
The heauie dangers of this Citie Rome,
And made the citizens the happie flocke
Whom I haue fed with counſailes and aduice.
But now thoſe lockes that for their reuerend white,
Surpaſſe the downe on AEſculapius chin:
But now that tongue whoſe termes and fluent ſtile
For number paſt the hoaſts of heauenly fires:

But

But now that head within whoſe ſubtill braines
The Queene of flowring eloquence did dwell:

Enter a Captaine.

Theſe lockes, this tongue, this head, the life and all,
To pleaſe a tyrant traitrouſly muſt fall.

Capt: VVhy how now ſoldiers is he liuing yet?
And will you be bewitched with his words?
Then take this fee falſe Orator from me, *ſtab him.*
Elizium beſt beſeemes thy faintfull lims.

Anth: Oh bliſſfull paine, now Anthony muſt die,
VVhich ſerud and loud Rome and her Emperie. *moritur*

Capt: Goe curtall off that necke with preſent ſtroke,
And ſtraight preſent it vnto Marius.

1 ſoul: Euen in this head did all the Muſes dwell:
The bees that fate vpon the Grecians lips,
Diſtild their honnie on his tempred tongue.

2 ſoul: The chriſtall dew of faire Caſtalian ſprings,
VVith gentle floatings trickled on his braines:
The Graces kiſt his kinde and curteous browes,
Apollo gaue the beauties of his harpe,

Enter Lectorius penſiue.

And melodies vnto his pliant ſpeech.

Cap: Leaue theſe preſumptuous praiſes, countrimen,
And ſee Lectorius penſiue where he comes.
Loe here my Lord the head of Anthony,
See here the guerdon fit for Marius foe,
Whom dread Apollo proſper in his rule.

Lector: Oh Romanes, Marius ſleepes among the dead,
And Rome laments the loſſe of ſuch a frend.

Cap: A ſodaine and a wofull chance my Lord,
VVhich we intentiue faine would vnderſtand.

Le: Thogh ſwolne with ſighs my hart for ſorrow burſt,
And tongue with teares and plaints be choaked vp,
Yet will I furrow forth with forced breath
A ſpeedie paſſage to my penſiue ſpeech.
Our Conſull Marius, worthie ſouldiers,

Of late within a pleaſant plot of ground,
Sate downe for pleaſure nere a chriſtall ſpring,
Accompanied with manie Lords of Rome:
Bright was the day, and on the ſpredding trees
The frolicke citizens of forreſt ſung
Their layes and merrie notes on pearching boughes:
VVhen ſuddenly appeared in the Eaſt,
Seauen mightie Eagles with their tallents fierce,
VVho wauing oft about our Conſulls head,
At laſt with hideous crie did ſoare away.
VVhen ſuddenly old Marius all agaſt,
With reuerent ſmile determinde with a ſigh
The doubtfull ſilence of the ſtanders by.
Romanes (ſaid he) old Marius now muſt die.
Theſe ſeuen faire Eagles, birds of mightie Ioue,
That at my birth day on my cradle ſate,
Now at my laſt day arme me to my death:
And loe I feele the deadly pangs approach.
VVhat ſhould I more? in briefe, with manie praiers
For Rome, his ſonne, his goods and lands diſpoſd,
Our worthie Conſull to our wonder dide.
The Citie is amazde, for Scilla haſts
To enter Rome with furie, ſword, and fire.
Goe, place that head vpon the Capitoll,
And to your wards, for dangers are at hand. *Exit.*

Capt: Had we foreſeene this luckles chance before,
Old Anthonie had liude and breathed yet. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus.

A great skirmiſh in Rome and long, ſome ſlaine. At laſt enter Scilla triumphant with Pompey, Metellus, Citizens, ſouldiers.

Scilla: Now Romanes after all theſe mutinies,
Seditions, murthers, and conſpiracies,

Ima-

Imagine with vnpartiall harts at laſt
VVhat frutes proceed from theſe contentious brawles?
Your ſtreetes, where earſt the fathers of your ſtate
In robes of purple walked vp and downe,
Are ſtrewd with mangled members, ſtreaming blood.
And why? the reaſons of this ruthfull wrack,
Are your ſeditious innouations,
Your fickle mindes inclinde to fooliſh change.
Vngratefull men, whilſt I with tedious paine
In Aſia ſeald my dutie with my blood,
Making the fierce Dardanians faint for feare,
Spredding my cullers in Galatia,
Dipping my ſword in the Enetans blood,
And foraging the fields of Phocida.
You cald my foe from exile with his frends,
You did proclaime me traitor here in Rome,
You racde my houſe, you did deface my frends.
But brauling wolues, you cannot byte the moone,
For Scilla liues ſo forward to reuenge,
As woe to thoſe that ſought to doo me wrong.
I now am entred Rome in ſpite of force,
And will ſo hamper all my curſed foes,
As be he Tribune, Conſull, Lord or Knight
That hateth Scilla, let him looke to die.
And firſt to make an entrance to mine yre,
Bring me that traitor Carbo out of hand.

Bring in Carbo bound.

Pomp. Oh Scilla, in reuenging iniuries,
Inflict the paine where firſt offence did ſpring,
And for my ſake eſtabliſh peace in Rome,
And pardon theſe repentant Citizens.

Scilla: Pompey, I loue thee Pompey, and conſent
To thy requeſt, but Romanes haue regard,
Leaſt ouer-reaching in offence againe,
I load your ſhoulders with a double paine.

Exeunt Citizens.

But Pompey ſee where iolly Carbo comes
Footing it featly, like a mightie man.
VVhat no obeiſance ſirrha to your Lord?
My Lord? No Scilla, he that thrice hath borne
The name of Conſull ſcornes to ſtoop to him,
Whoſe hart doth hammer nought but mutinies.
Pomp: And doth your Lordſhip then diſdaine to ſtoope
Carbo: I to mine equall Pompey as thou art.
Scilla: Thine equall villaine, no he is my frend,
Thou but a poore anatomie of bones,
Caſde in a knauiſh tawny withred ſkin:
VVilt thou not ſtoop? art thou ſo ſtately then?
Carbo: Scilla, I honor gods, not fooliſh men.
Sci: Then bend that wythered bough that will not break
And ſouldiers caſt him downe before my feete:
They throw him downe.
Now prating ſir, my foote vpon thy necke,
Ile be ſo bold to giue your Lordſhip checke.
Beleeue me ſouldiers, but I ouer-reach,
Old Carbos necke at firſt was made to ſtretch.
Carbo: Though bodie bend, thou tyrant moſt vnkinde,
Yet neuer ſhalt thou humble Carbos minde.
Scilla: oh ſir, I know for all your warlike pith,
A man may marre your worſhip with a wyth.
You ſirrha leuied armes to doo me wrong:
You brought your legions to the gates of Rome:
You fought it out in hope that I would faint.
But ſirrha, now betake you to your bookes,
Intreate the Gods to ſaue your ſinfull ſoule.
For why this carcaſſe muſt in my behalfe
Goe feaſt the rauens that ſerue our augures turne.
Me thinkes I ſee alreadie how they wiſh,
To bait their beakes in ſuch a iolly diſh.
Carbo: Scilla thy threates and ſcoffes amate me not:
I pre thee let thy murthrers hale me hence,
For Carbo rather likes to die by ſword,

Than

Than liue to be a mocking ſtocke to thee.

Scilla: The man hath haſt good ſouldiers take him hence,
It would be good to alter his pretence.
But be aduiſde, that when the foole is ſlaine,
You part the head and bodie both in twaine.
I know that Carbo longs to know the cauſe,
And ſhall: thy bodie for the rauens, thy head for dawes.

Carbo: O matchles ruler of our Capitoll,
Behold poore Rome with graue and piteous eie,
Ful-fild with wrong and wretched tyrannie.

Exit Carbo cum militibus.

Enter Scipio and Norbanus, Publius Lentulus.

Scill: Tut the proud mans praier wil neuer pierce the ſkie.
But whether preſſe theſe mincing Senators?

Norbanus: VVe preſſe with praiers, we come with mourn (full teares,
Intreating Scilla by thoſe holy bands
That linkes faire Iuno with her thundring Ioue,
Euen by the bounds of hoſpitalitie,
To pitie Rome afflicted through thy wrath.
Thy ſouldiers (Scilla) murder innocents.
O whither will thy lawles furie ſtretch,
If little ruth enſue thy countries harmes.

Scilla: Gay words Narbonus, full of eloquence,
Accompanied with action and conceipt.
But I muſt teach thee iudgement therewithall.
Dar'ſt thou approch my preſence that haſt borne
Thine armes in ſpight of Scilla and his frends?
I tell thee fooliſh man thy iudgement wanted
In this preſumptuous purpoſe that is paſt:
And loytering ſcholler, ſince you faile in art,
Ile learne you iudgement ſhortly to your ſmart.
Diſpatch him ſouldiers, I muſt ſee him die.
And you Carinna, Carbos ancient frend,
Shall follow ſtraight your heedles Generall.
And Scipio were it not I loud thee well,

Thou

Thou ſhouldſt accompanie theſe ſlaues to hell:
But get you gone, and if you loue your ſelfe. *Exit Scipio.*

Carinna: Pardon me Scilla, pardon gentle Scilla.

Scilla: Sirrha, this gentle name was coynd too late,
And ſhadowed in the ſhrowds of byting hate.
Diſpatch: why ſo, good fortune to my frends,
As for my foes, euen ſuch ſhall be their ends.
Conueigh them hence Metellus, gentle Metellus,
Fetch me Sertorius from Iberia,
In dooing ſo, thou ſtandeſt me in ſtead,
For fore I long to ſee the traitors head.

Metell: I goe confirmd to conquer him by fword,
or in th'exployt to hazard life and all.

Scilla: Now Pompey let me ſee, thoſe Senators
Are dangerous ſtops of our pretended ſtate,
And muſt be curtald leaſt they grow too proud,
I doo proſcribe iuſt fortie Senators,
Which ſhal be leaders in my tragedie.
And for our Gentlemen are ouer proud,
Of them a thouſand and ſixe hundreth die,
A goodlie armie meete to conquere hell.
Souldiers performe the courſe of my decree,
Their friends my foes, their foes ſhal be my friends,
Go ſell their goods by trumpet at your wills.
Meane while Pompey ſhall ſee and Rome ſhall rue,
The miſeries that ſhortly ſhall enſue.

Exit.

Alarum skirmiſh a retreat, enter young Marius vppon the walles of Preneſte with ſome ſouldiers all in blacke and wonderfull mellancoly.

Marius: Oh endles courſe of needy mans auaile,
VVhat ſillie thoughts, what ſimple pollicies
makes man preſume vpon this traiterous life?
Haue I not ſeene the depth of forrow once,
And then againe haue kiſt the Queene of chaunce,

O

Marius and Scilla.

Oh Marius thou Tillitius and thy frends,
Haſt ſeene thy foe diſcomfetted in fight.
But now the ſtarres haue formde my finall harmes,
My father Marius lately dead in Rome,
My foe with honour doth triumph in Rome,
My freends are dead and baniſhed from Rome,
I Marius father freends more bleſt then thee:
They dead, I liue, I thralled they are free.
Here in Preneſte am I cooped vp,
Amongſt a troope of hunger ſtarued men,
Set to preuent falſe Scillaes fierce approach.
But now exempted both of life and all.
VVell Fortune ſince thy fleeting change, hath caſt
Pore Marius from his hopes and true deſiers,
My reſolution ſhall exceed thy power,
Thy coloured wings ſteeped in purple blood,
Thy blinding wreath diſtainde in purple blood,
Thy royall Robes waſht in my purple blood
Shall witnes to the world thy thirſt of blood,
And when the tyrant Scilla ſhal expect
To ſee the ſonne of Marius ſtoope for feare,
Then then, Oh then my minde ſhal well appeare,
That ſcorne my life and hold mine honour deare.

Alarum a retreat.

Harke how theſe murtherous Romaine viperlike,
Seeke to betray their fellow Cittizens,
Oh wretched world from whence with ſpeedie flight,
True loue, true zeale, true honour late is fled.

ſould: VVhat makes my Lord ſo careleſſe and ſecure,
To leaue the breach and here lament alone?

Mar: Not feare my frend for I could neuer flie,
But ſtuddy how with honor for to die.
I pray thee cal the cheefeſt Cittizens.
I muſt aduiſe them in a waightie cauſe,
Here ſhal they meete me and vntill they come,

I

I wil goe view the danger of the breach.

Exit Marius and the ſouldiers.

Enter with drum and ſouldiers Lucretius *with other Romanes, as Tuditanus &c.*

Lucretius: Say Tuditanus, didſt thou euer ſee
So deſperate defence as this hath been:

Tudit: As in Numidia Tygers wanting food,
Or as in Libia Lions full of yre,
So fare theſe Romanes on Preneſte wals.

Lucret: Their valure Tuditanus and reſiſt,
The manlike fight of yonger Marius,
Makes me amazd to ſee their miſeries,
And pitie them although they be my foes.
VVhat ſaid I foes? O Rome with ruth I ſee
Thy ſtate conſumde through folly and diſſention.
VVell found a parle, I will ſee if words
Can make them yeeld, which will not flie for ſtrokes?

Sound a parle, Marius vpon the wals with the Citizens.

Marius: What ſeeks this Romane warrior at our hands?

Lucr: That ſeekes he Marius, that he wiſheth thee:
An humble hart, and then a happie peace.
Thou ſeeſt thy fortunes are depreſt and downe,
Thy vittels ſpent, thy ſouldiers weake with want,
The breach laid open readie to aſſault,
Now ſince thy meanes and maintenance are done,
Yeeld Marius, yeeld, Preneſtians be aduiſde,
Lucretius is aduiſde to fauor you.
I pre thee Marius marke my laſt aduice.
Relent in time, let Scilla be thy frend:
So thou in Rome maiſt lead a happie life,
And thoſe with thee ſhall pray for Marius ſtill.

Mar: Lucretius, I conſider on thy words,
Stay there awhile thou ſhalt haue anſwere ſtraight.

Lucretius: Apollo grant that my perſwaſions may,

Preſerue

Preſerue theſe Romane ſouldiers from the ſword.
Marius: My frends and citizens of Preneſte towne,
You ſee the wayward working of our ſtarres,
Our harts confirmd to fight, our victuals ſpent.
If we ſubmit, its Scilla muſt remit,
A tyrant, traitor, enemie to Rome,
Whoſe hart is guarded ſtill with bloodie thoughts.
Theſe flattring vowes Lucretius here auowes,
Are pleaſing words to colour poyſoned thoughts.
What will you liue with ſhame, or die with fame?
1 Cit: A famous death, my Lord delights vs moſt.
2 Cit: We of thy faction (Marius) are reſolud
To follow thee in life and death together.
Marius: VVords full of worth, beſeeming noble mindes
The verie Balſamum to mend my woes.
Oh countrimen, you ſee Campania ſpoild,
A tyrant threatning mutinies in Rome,
A world diſpoyld of vertue, faith and truſt.
If then no peace, no libertie, no faith,
Conclude with me, and let it be no life.
Liue not to ſee your tender infants ſlaine,
Theſe ſtately towers made leuell with the land,
This bodie mangled by our enemies ſword:
But full reſolud to doo as Marius doth,
Vnſheath your ponyards, and let euerie frend,
Bethinke him of a ſouldierlike farewell.
Sirrha, diſplay my ſtanderd on the wals,
And I will anſwere yond Lucretius,
VVho loueth Marius, now muſt die with Marius.
Lucr: VVhat anſwere wil your Lordſhip then return vs?
Marius: Lucretius, we that know what Scilla is,
How diſſolute, how trothles and corrupt:
In briefe conclude to die before we yeeld.
But ſo to die (Lucretius marke me well)
As loath to ſee the furie of our ſwords
Should murther frends and Romane citizens.

Fie countrimen, what furie doth infect
Your warlike boſomes, that were wont to fight
VVith forren foes, not with Campanian frends?
Now vnaduiſed youth muſt counſaile eld:
For gouernance is baniſht out of Rome.
Woe to that bough from whence theſe bloomes are ſprung,
VVoe to that Aetna, vomiting this fire:
VVoe to that brand, conſuming Countries weale:
*W*oe to that Scilla, careles and ſecure,
That gapes with murther for a Monarchie.
Goe ſecond Brutus with a Romane minde,
And kill that tyrant: and for Marius ſake
Pitie the guiltles wiues of theſe your frends,
Preſerue their weeping infants from the ſword,
*W*hoſe fathers ſeale their honors with their bloods.
Farewell Lucretius, firſt I preſſe in place *ſtab.*
To let thee ſee a conſtant Romane die.
Preneſtians, loe a wound, a fatall wound,
The paine but ſmall, the glorie paſſing great. *againe.*
Preneſtians ſee a ſecond ſtroke: why ſo.
I feele the dreeping dimnes of the night,
Cloſing the couerts of my carefull eies.
Follow me frends: for Marius now muſt die
*W*ith fame, in ſpight of Scillas tyrannie. *moritur.*

1 Cit: *W*e follow thee our chiefetaine euen in death,
Our towne is thine Lucretius: but we pray
For mercie for our children and our wiues. *moritur.*

2 Cit: O ſaue my ſonne Lucretius, let him liue. *moritur.*

Lucretius: A wondrous and bewitched conſtancie,
Beſeeming Marius pride and haughtie minde,
Come let vs charge the breach, the towne is ours
Both male and female put them to the ſword:
So pleaſe you Scilla, and fulfill his word. *Exeunt*

A little skirmiſh, a retreat: enter in royaltie Lucretius.

Lucret:

Lucret: Now Romanes we haue brought Preneſte low,
And Marius ſleepes amidſt the dead at laſt.
So then to Rome my countrimen with ioy,
VVhere Scilla waights the tidings of our fight.
Thoſe priſners that are taken, ſee forthwith
VVith warlike iauelins you put them to death.
Come let vs march, ſee Rome in ſight my harts,
VVhere Scilla waights the tidings of our warre.

Enter Scilla, Valerius Flaccus: L*epidus, Pompey, Citizens Guard: Scilla ſeated in his roabes of ſtate is ſaluted by the Citizens, &c.*

Flaccus: Romanes you know, and to your greefes haue
A world of troubles hatched here at home, (feene
VVhich through preuention being welnigh croſt
By worthie Scilla and his warlike band:
I Conſull with theſe fathers thinke it meet
To fortifie our peace and Cities weale,
To name ſome man of worth that may ſupply
Dictators power and place, whoſe maieſtie
Shall croſſe the courage of rebellious mindes.
VVhat thinke you Romanes, will you condiſcend?
Scilla: Nay Flaccus, for their profits they muſt yeeld,
For men of meane condition and conceipt
Muſt humble their opinions to their lords.
And if my frends and Citizens conſent
Since I am borne to manage mightie things,
I will (though loth) both rule and gouerne them.
I ſpeake not this as though I wiſh to raigne,
But for to know my frends: and yet againe
I merrit Romanes farre more grace than this.
Flaccus: I countrimen, if Scillas powre and minde
If Scillas vertue, courage and deuice,
If Scillas frends and fortunes merit fame,
None then but he ſhould beare Dictators name.

Pompey: VVhat think you Citizens, why ſtand ye mute?
Shall Scilla be Dictator here in Rome?

Citizens: By full conſent Scilla ſhal be Dictator.

Flaccus: Then in the name of Rome I here preſent
The rods and axes into Scillas hand,
And fortunate proue Scilla our Dictator.

Trumpets ſound: crie within Scilla Dictator.

Scilla: My fortunes Flaccus cannot be impeacht,
For at my birth the plannets paſſing kinde
Could entertaine no retrograde aſpects.
And that I may with kindnes quite their loue,
My countrimen I will preuent the cauſe,
Gainſt all the falſe encounters of miſhap.
You name me your Dictator, but prefixe
No time, no courſe, but giue me leaue to rule,
And yet exempt me not from your reuenge:
Thus by your pleſures being ſet aloft,
Straight by your furies I ſhould quickly fall.
No Citizens, who readeth Scillas minde,
Muſt forme my titles in another kinde.
Either let Scilla be Dictator euer,
Or flatter Scilla with theſe titles neuer.

Citizens: Perpetuall be thy glorie and renowne,
Perpetuall Lord Dictator ſhalt thou bee.

Pompey: Hereto the Senate frankly doth agree.

Scilla: Then ſo ſhall scilla raigne you Senators,
Then ſo ſhall Scilla rule you Citizens:
As Senators and Citizens that pleaſe mee
Shall be my frends, the reſt cannot diſeaſe mee.

Enter Lucretius with ſouldiers.

But ſee whereas Lucretius is returnde.
Welcome braue Romaine where is Marius?
Are theſe Preneſtians put vnto the ſword.

Lucre: The Cittie noble Scilla raced is,
And Marius dead not by our ſwords my Lord,
But with more conſtancie than Cato died.

Scilla:

Scilla: VVhat conſtancie and but a verie boy,
VVhy then I ſee he was his fathers ſonne,
But let vs haue this conſtancie deſcribde.
Lucr: After our fearce aſſaults, and their reſiſt,
Our ſeige, their ſalying out to ſtop our trench:
Labor and hunger rayning in the towne,
The yonger Marius on the Citties wall,
Vouchſafte an interparle at the laſt:
VVherein with conſtancie and courrage too,
He boldly armed his freends him ſelfe to death.
And ſpreading of his coloures on the wall,
For anſwere ſaide he could not brooke to yeeld,
Or truſt a tyrant ſuch as Scilla was.
Scilla: VVhat did the branſicke boy vpbraid me ſo?
But let vs heare the reſt Lucretius.
L*ucre*: And after great perſwſaſions to his freends
And worthy reſolution of them all:
He firſt did ſheath his ponyard in his breaſt,
And ſo in order dyed all the reſt.
Scilla: Now by my ſword this was a worthy ieſt.
Yet ſilly boy I needs muſt pittie thee,
VVhoſe noble minde could neuer mated bee.
Beleeue me countrymen a ſodaine thought,
A ſodaine change in Scilla now hath wrought.
Old Marius and his ſonne were men of name,
Nor Fortunes laughes, nor lowers their minde could tame,
And when I count their fortunes that are paſt,
I ſee that death confirmde their fames at laſt.
Then he that ſtriues to manage mightie things,
Amidſt his triumphes gaines a troubled minde.
The greateſt hope the greater harme it bringes:
And pore men in content their glory finde.
If then content be ſuch a pleaſant thing,
VVhy leaue I country life to liue a king?
Yet Kings are Gods and make the proudeſt ſtoope,
Yee but themſelues are ſtill purſude with hate:

And men were made to mount and then to droope.
Such chances wait vpon incertaine fate,
That where ſhe kiſſeth once ſhee quelleth twice,
Then who ſo liues content is happy wiſe.
VVhat motion moueth this Philoſophy?
Oh Scilla ſee the Ocean ebbs and floats.
The ſpring-time wanes when winter draweth nie.
I, theſe are true and moſt aſſured notes.
Inconſtant chance ſuch tickle turnes hath lent,
As who ſo feares no fall, muſt ſeeke content.
Flaccus: VVhilſt grauer thoughts of honor ſhuld allure (thee
VVhat maketh scilla muſe and mutter thus?
scilla: I that haue paſt amidſt the mightie troopes
Of armed legions through a world of warre,
Doo now bethinke me Flaccus on my chance,
How I alone where manie men were ſlaine,
In ſpite of Fate am come to Rome againe,
And lo I wield the reuerend ſtiles of ſtate,
Yea, Scilla with a becke could breake thy necke.
VVhat Lord of Rome hath darde as much as I?
Yet Flaccus knowſt thou not that I muſt die?
The laboring ſiſters on the weary Loombs,
Haue drawne my webb of life at length, I know:
And men of witt muſt thinke vpon their tombes.
For beaſts with careles ſteps to Lethe goe:
*W*here men whoſe thoughts and honors clime on hie,
Liuing with fame, muſt learne with fame to die.
Pomp: *W*hat lets my Lord in gouerning this ſtate,
To liue in reſt, and die with honor too?
ssilla: *W*hat lets me Pompey? why my curteous frend,
Can he remaine ſecure that weilds a charge?
Or thinke of wit when flattrers doo commend?
Or be aduiſde that careles runs at large?
No Pompey, honnie words makes fooliſh mindes,
And powre the greateſt wit with error blindes.
Flaccus, I murdred Anthonie thy frend,

Romanes

Romanes: ſome here haue loſt at my commaund
Their Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, and Allies,
And thinke you Scilla thinking theſe miſdeeds,
Bethinks not on your grudges and miſlike?
Yes Countrimen I beare them ſtill in minde.
Then Pompey were I not a ſilly man,
To leaue my Rule and truſt theſe Romans than?
Pompey: Your Grace hath ſmall occaſions of miſtruſt,
Nor ſeeke theſe Citizens for your diſclaime.
scilla: But Pompey now theſe reaching plumes of pride,
That mounted vp my fortunes to the Clowds,
By graue conceits ſhall ſtraight be laid aſide,
And scilla thinks of farre more ſimple ſhrowds.
For hauing tride occaſion in the throne,
Ile ſee if ſhe dare frowne when ſtate is gone.
Loe senators, the man that ſate aloft,
Now deignes to giue inferiors higheſt place.
Loe here the man whom Rome repined oft,
A priuate man, content to brooke diſgrace,
Romanes, loe here the axes, rods and all,
Ile maſter fortune, leaſt ſhe make me thrall.
Now who ſo lift accuſe me, tell my wrongs,
Vpbraid me in the preſence of this ſtate.
Is none theſe iolly Citizens among,
That will accuſe or ſay Iam ingrate.
Then will I ſay and boldly boaſt my chaunces,
That nought may force the man whom Fate aduances.
Flaccus: what meaneth scilla in this ſullen moode,
To leaue his titles on the ſodaine thus?
scilla: Conſull I meane with calme and quiet mind,
To paſſe my daies while happy death I finde.
Pomp: What greater wrong, than leaue thy countrey ſo?
scilla: Both it and life muſt scilla leaue in time.
Cit: Yet during life haue care of Rome and vs.
scilla: O wanton world that flatterſt in thy prime,
And breatheſt balme and poyſon mixt in one.

see

See how theſe wauering Romaines wiſht my raigne,
That whylom fought and ſought to haue me ſlaine,
My Countrymen this Cittie wants no ſtore
Of Fathers warriors to ſupplie my roome,
So grant me peace and I will die for Rome.

Enter two Burgers to them Poppey and Curtall.

Curtall: Theſe are verie indiſcreet counſailes neighbor Poppey, and I will follow your miſaduiſement.

Poppey: I tell you goodman Curtall the wenche hath wrong, oh vaine world, oh fooliſh men, could a man in nature caſt a wench downe, and diſdaine in nature to lift hir vp again? could he take away hir diſhoneſtie without bouncing vp the banes of matrimonie? oh learned Poet wel didſt thou write Fuſtian verſe.

Theſe maides are dawes that goe to the lawes and a babe in the belly.

Cur: Tut man tis the way the world muſt follow, for maides muſt be kinde, good huſbands to finde.

Poppey: But marke the fierce if they ſwell before, it will grieue them ſore. but ſee yondes Maſter scilla, faith a prettie fellow is a.

Scilla: what ſeekes my countrymen? what would my freendes?

Curt: Nay ſir your kinde words ſhall not ſerue the turne, why thinke you to thruſt your ſouldiers into our kindred with your curteſies ſir.

Poppey: I tel you Maſter scilla my neighbour wil haue the Law, he had the right he wil haue the wrong for therein dwels the Law.

Conſull: what deſires theſe men of Rome?

Cur: Neighbour ſharpen the edge tole of your wits vpon the whetſtone of indiſcretion that your wordes may ſhaue like the raſers of Palermo, you haue learning with ignorance thereſore ſpeake my tale.

Pop:

Popp. Then worſhipfull Maſter Scilla, be it knowne vnto you, that my neighbors daughter Doritie was a maid of reſtoritie, faire freſh and fine as a merrie cup of wine. Her eies like two potcht egges, great and goodly her legs, but marke my dolefull dittie, alas for woe and pittie: a ſouldier of yours vpon a bed of flowers, gaue her ſuch a fall, as ſhe loſt maidenhead and all. And thus in verie good time I end my rudefull rime.

Scilla: And what of this my frend, why ſeeke you mee,
Who haue reſignd my titles and my ſtate
To liue a priuate life as you doo now?
Goe moue the Conſull Flaccus in this cauſe,
VVho now hath power to execute the lawes.

Curtall: And are you no more Maſter dix cator, nor Generalitie of the ſouldiers?

Scilla: My powers doo ceaſe, my titles are reſignd,

Curtall: Haue you ſignd your titles? O baſe minde, that being in the powles ſteeple of honor, haſt caſt thy ſelfe into the ſinke of ſimplicitie. Fie beaſt, were I a king, I would day by day ſucke vp white bread and milke, and go a ietting in a iacket of ſilke, my meat ſhould be the curds, my drinke ſhould be the whey, and I wold haue a mincing laſſe to loue me euerie day.

Poppey: Nay goodman Curtall, your diſcretions are verie ſimple, let me cramp him with a reaſon. Sirrha, whether is better good ale or ſmall beere? Alas ſee his implicitie that cannot anſwere me: why I ſay ale.

Curtall: And ſo ſay I neighbor.

Poppey: Thou haſt reaſon, ergo ſay I tis better be a King than a clowne. Faith maſter Scilla, I hope a man maye now call ye knaue by authoritie.

Scilla: VVith what impatience heare I theſe vpbraides
That whilome plagude the leaſt offence with death.
Oh Scilla theſe are ſtales of deſteny,
By ſome vpbraids to try thy conſtancie.
My friends theſe ſcornes of yours perhaps will moue,

The next Dictator ſhun to yeeld his ſtate,
For feare he finde as much as Scilla doth.
But Flaccus, to preuent their further wrong,
Vouchſafe ſome Lictor may attach the man,
And doo them right that thus complaine abuſe.

Flaccus: Sirrha, goe you and bring the ſouldier
That hath ſo looſly leant to lawles luſt,
VVe will haue meanes ſufficient be aſſurd
To coole his heate, and make the wanton chaſt.

Curtall: We thanke your maſterſhip: come neighbour, let vs iog, faith this newes will fet my daughter Dorothie a gog. *Exeunt cum Lictore.*

Scilla: Graue Senators and Romanes, now you ſee
The humble bent of Scillas changed minde.
Now will I leaue you Lords, from courtly traine
To dwel content amidſt my country caue,
VVhere no ambitious humors ſhall approch,
The quiet ſilence of my happy ſleepe.
Where no delicious Iouiſance or toyes,
Shall tickle with delight my tempered eares,
But wearying out the lingering day with toile,
Tyring my veines and furrowing of my ſoule.
The ſilent night with ſlumber ſtealing on
Shall locke theſe carefull cloſets of mine eies.
Oh had I knowne the height of happines,
Or bent mine eies vpon my mother earth:
Long ſince O Rome had Scilla with reioyce
Forſaken armes to leade a priuate life.

Flaccus: But in this humblenes of minde my Lord,
VVhereas experience prooude and Art doo meete.
How happy were theſe faire Italian fields,
If they were graced with ſo ſweete a ſunne:
Then I for Rome and Rome with me requires,
That Scilla will abide and gouerne Rome.

Scilla: O Flaccus, if th'Arabian Phœnix ſtriue
By natures warning to renue her kinde,

VVhen

Marius and Scilla.

VVhen ſoaring nie the glorious eye of heauen,
Shee from her cinders doth reuiue her ſexe.
VVhy ſhould not Scilla learne by her to die?
That earſt haue beene the Phœnix of this land.
And drawing neere the ſunne-ſhine of content,
Periſh obſcure to make your glories growe.
For as the higher trees do ſhield the ſhrubs,
From poſting Phlegons warmth and breathing fire,
So mighty men obſcure each others fame,
And make the beſt deſeruers fortunes game.

Enter Genius.

But ah what ſodaine furies doo affright?
VVhat apparitious fantaſies are theſe?
Oh let me reſt ſweete Lords, for why me thinks,
Some fatall ſpells are founded in mine eares.

Genius: *Subſequitur tua mors: priuari lumine Scillam,*
Numina Parcarum iam fera precipiunt.
Precipiunt fera iam Parcarum numina, Scillam,
Lumine priuari, mors tua ſubſequitur.
Elyſium petis, ô fœlix! & fatidici astri:
Præſcius Heroas, ô petis innumeros!
Innumeros petis ô Heroas! præſcius astri
Fatidici: & fœlix, ô petis Eliſium!

Euaneſcit ſubitò.

Scilla: *Ergóne post dulces annos properantia fata?*
Ergóne iam tenebræ præmia lucis erunt?
Attamen, vt vitæ fortunam gloria mortis
Vincat, in extremo funere cantet olor.

Pom: How fares my Lord? what dreadful thoughts are theſe
VVhat doubtfull anſweres on a ſodaine thus?

Scilla: Pompey the man that made the world to ſtoope,
And fettered fortune in the chaines of powre,
Muſt droope and draw the Chariot of Fate
Along the darkſome bankes of Acheron.
The heauens haue warnd me of my preſent fall.
Oh call Cornelia forth, let Scilla ſee

His daughter Fuluia ere his eyes be ſhut.

Exit one for Cornelia.

Flaccus: VVhy Scilla, where is now thy wonted hope
In greateſt hazard of vnſtaied chance?
VVhat ſhall a little biting blaſt of paine
Blemiſh the bloſſomes of thy wonted pride?

Scilla: My Flaccus, worldly ioyes and pleaſures fade,
Inconſtant time like to the fleeting tide
VVith endles courſe mans hopes doth ouer-beare?
Nought now remaines that Scilla faine would haue,
But laſting fame when bodie lies in graue.

Enter Cornelia, Fuluia.

Cornelia: How fares my Lord? how doth my gentle Scilla?

Scilla: Ah my Cornelia paſſing happie now.
Free from the world, allied vnto the heauens,
Not curious of incertaine chaunces now.

Cornelia: VVords full of woe ſtill adding to my griefe,
A cureleſſe croſſe of many hundreth harmes.
Oh let not Rome and poore Cornelia looſe,
The one hir frend, the other her delight.

scilla: Cornelia, man hath power by ſome inſtinct
And gracious reuolution of the ſtarres,
To conquer kingdomes not to maſter fate:
For when the courſe of mortall life is runne,
Then Clotho ends the web hir ſiſter ſpun.
Pompey, Lord Flaccus, fellow senators,
In that I feele the faintfull deawes of death
steeping mine eies within their chilly wet,
The care I haue of wife and daughter both,
Muſt on your wiſedomes happily relie.
VVith equall diſtribution ſee you part,
My lands and goods betwixt theſe louely twaine.
Onely beſtow a hundred thouſand Seſtercies,
Vpon my friends and fellow ſouldiers.
Thus hauing made my finall teſtament,
Come Fuluia let thy father lay his hand,

Vpon

Vpon thy louely boſome and intreat
A vertuous boone and fauour at thy hands.
Faire Romane maide, ſee that thou wed thy faires,
To modeſt vertuous and delightfull thoughts:
Let Rome in viewing thee behold thy ſire,
Honour Cornelia from whoſe fruitfull woombe,
Thy plenteous beauties ſweetly did appeare,
And with this Leſſon louely maide farewell.

Fuluia: oh tedious and vnhappy chance for me.

scilla: Content thee Fuluia, for it needes muſt bee.
Cornelia I muſt leaue thee to the world,
And by thoſe loues that I haue lent thee oft,
In mutuall wedlocke rytes and happie warre.
Remember Scilla in my Fuluia ſtil:
Conſull farewell, my Pompey I muſt hence,
And farewel Rome, and Fortune now I bleſſe thee,
That both in life and death wouldſt not oppreſſe mee. *dies.*

Cornelia: oh hideous ſtormes of neuer danted fate,
Now are thoſe eyes whoſe ſweet reflections coold
The ſmothered rancors of rebellious thoughts
Clad with the ſable mantles of the night.
And like the tree that robd of ſunne and ſhowres
Mournes deſolate withouten leafe or ſap:
so poore Cornelia late bereft of loue,
Sits ſighing, haples, ioyles and forlorne.

Fuluia: Gone is the flower that did adorne our fields,
Fled are thoſe ſweete reflections of delight,
Dead is my Father, Fuluia dead is hee
In whom thy life, for whom thy death muſt bee.

Flaccus: Ladies, to tyre the time in reſtles mone
VVere tedious vnto frends and nature too,
Sufficeth you that Scilla ſo is dead,
As fame ſhall ſing his power though life be fled.

Pompey: Then to conclude his happines my Lords,
Determine where ſhall be his Funerall.

Lepidus: Euen there where other Nobles are interd.

Marius and Scilla.

Pompey: VVhy Lepidus what Romane euer was,
That merited ſo high a name as hee?
Then why with ſimple pompe and funerall
VVould you intombe ſo rare a paragon?
Corn: An vrne of gold ſhall hem his aſhes in,
The Veſtall virgins with their holy notes
Shall ſing his famous (though too fatall) death.
I and my Fuluia with diſperſed haire
VVill waight vpon this noble Romanes hearſe.
Fuluia: And Fuluia clad in blacke & mournfull pale
VVill waight vpon her fathers funerall.
Pomp: Come beare we hence this trophee of renowne,
VVhoſe life, whoſe death was farre from fortunes frowne.

Exeunt omnes.

The Funeralls of Scilla in great pompe.

Deo iuuante, nil nocet liuor malus:
Et non iuuante nil iuuat labor grauis.

FINIS.

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